

1927

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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SEP 26 1927
FOR WOMEN

No. 3751. Vol. 144.

17 September 1927

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

HAD Sir Austen Chamberlain the tact, the smooth tongue, of the politician, he might be one of the greatest figures in contemporary history. He has a courage far greater than that of Lord Cecil, of whom Geneva thinks so highly, and quite as much sincerity and honesty of purpose. But the delegates to Geneva want inspiration and not advice. Last week, at the close of the general debate in the League Assembly, M. Briand spoke in the morning and Sir Austen in the afternoon. The French Foreign Minister, in one hour of stirring oratory, said absolutely nothing; the British Foreign Secretary was honest, sincere—but devastating. In the words of a Frenchman who was asked his opinion of the speech, "he pleaded not guilty," and in the opinion of every Englishman there was no need for him to plead at all. Great Britain has played far too important a part in the development of the League for apologies to be necessary. The British Foreign Secretary was absolutely right to say what he did; only his manner of saying it was at fault. We deal with the matter more fully in a leading article.

Herr Stresemann is the most fortunate of men. Each time he leaves Geneva, he leaves with enhanced prestige. Many of his compatriots would prefer him to bring home some promise for the evacuation, or partial evacuation, of the Rhineland, but time may prove that his reputation as a statesman is more valuable to his country than could be any material alleviations of the burden of the Versailles Treaty. There seems to be no doubt that we are approaching a breakdown of the Dawes plan, when it will prove impossible to convert Germany's payments into relief for the ex-Allied-taxpayer. M. Poincaré and his followers will doubtless try to make the occasion one for assuring the prolongation of the Rhineland occupation. If Herr Stresemann is still in office his reputation for goodwill and honesty will enable him to bring Germany through the crisis without any heads being broken.

The canvassing for seats in the Council of the League of Nations has, it appears, been carried on with much less lack of dignity than last year. The candidature of Canada has been so discreet that comparatively few delegations can have remembered its existence. Belgium, in requesting a vote of the Assembly declaring her to be re-eligible despite the new system of rotation which should have banished her from the Council chamber for

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at least three years, has the support of the most unexpected delegates merely because M. Vandervelde, the Foreign Minister, takes part in the secret meetings of the ministers of the Great Powers and is therefore a link between them and the smaller nations of the Assembly. Finland has been discreet in her canvassing, and the Greeks, who alone have been pulling every string to assure election, have steadily lost in popularity. The League seems to have had enough of Balkan and South American electioneering methods.

By the time these lines are read the first results of the General Election in the Irish Free State will be known; under the system of Proportional Representation, the final position takes some time to arrive at. It is unsafe to prophesy, for politics are as uncertain in Ireland as the weather in an English August, but the tide seems to have been running strongly in Mr. Cosgrave's favour during the campaign, and it will be a surprise if he does not find himself in a position, with the aid of the Farmers' Party, to carry on the Government. Mr. de Valera's Party has made desperate efforts, first, to explain away its recent *volte face* over the matter of the Oath, and, secondly, to appear before the electorate as a party wedded to constitutionalism. If Mr. Cosgrave and the Farmers form a coalition, some modification of tariffs may be expected in deference to the Farmers' Free Trade views. If, on the other hand, Mr. de Valera and Mr. Johnson should find themselves in a position to take over Government, the de Valera policy of high tariff walls against England and Northern Ireland will presumably be attempted. In that case, the cost of living in the Free State will go bounding up, and the Fianna Fail-Labour Government will soon find itself thoroughly hated.

The total and ignominious collapse of the railway strike in Queensland—and it was the railway strike, not the original dispute in the sugar industry that mattered—is encouraging to all who believe governing is the business of Government, not of trade unions. Two years ago, under another Premier, the forces of aggressive and dictatorial trade unionism prevailed in Queensland, but Mr. McCormack is a man of quite other temper than Mr. Gillias. Instead of yielding to menaces, he at once took firm action, on the ground that the State Railways exist for the benefit of the community as a whole, and must be worked whether trade disputes are in progress or not. The prompt dismissal of railway employees who declined to obey orders had an excellent effect, and within a few days it was plain that Mr. McCormack was destined to secure the victory his courage had earned. In fighting the battle of constitutional government in Queensland Mr. McCormack has done more than save Queensland or Australia from an intolerable tyranny: he has diminished the danger of dictation by trade unions in every part of the Empire. His triumph will have effects hardly less important than that of Mr. Baldwin. It is now doubly established that free peoples will not submit to a Labour oligarchy.

The Government of India cannot be congratulated on the course adopted in regard to the Reserve Bank Bill. That measure was drafted in accordance with the recommendations of the

Indian Currency Commission. But, after accepting these recommendations, the Government of India, as represented by Sir Basil Blackett, gave way to the quite unreasonable demands of certain Indian politicians, who not only desired the capital of the Bank to be provided by the State instead of by shareholders, but wished to substitute for the veto on directorships being held by legislators a system whereby three directorships should be held by nominees of the Indian and three by nominees of the Provincial legislatures. The Bank, in short, was transformed from an economic into a political institution. It is understood that the India Office declined to acquiesce in this vicious change, and that Sir Basil Blackett tendered his resignation, which was refused. The outcome is that India will have to wait long for its much-needed Reserve Bank, and that one of the ablest of the Finance members the Government of India has had finds himself in a position of extreme embarrassment. Will the Government of India, instead of developing sulks about interference from the India Office, draw the inference that it never pays to sacrifice conviction and sound policy in order to placate the left wing of Indian Nationalism?

In six weeks' time the Conservative Party will hold their National Conference at Cardiff. There are the usual rumours of "revolts," but though in the last year or two the delegates have shown a more independent spirit, nothing to justify the use of the word revolt need be expected. The new note of independence is to be welcomed, not only as a sign of vitality but also as an indication that the "democratization" (to employ a horrible word) of the party machinery is having a good effect in bringing the views of the rank and file, particularly the working-class rank and file, into prominence. There are indications that before long a push may be launched by a section of Conservative M.P.s against the existing incidence of direct taxation and an effort made to get the balance between direct and indirect taxation adjusted. If this push occurs, as it well may, an interesting tussle should ensue.

The Leningrad "spy" trial turns out to be a "propaganda" trial such as the Soviet authorities organize from time to time to impress the Russian public with the idea that the existing regime is being threatened from without and that energetic measures are being taken for its defence. At the time of writing it is not certain whether the condemned nine will actually be executed. There are those in the Politbureau who would prefer to withdraw some, if not all, of the death sentences, with a view to making a gesture. Other elements, however, are bent on carrying out the sentences. By the time these notes have gone to press either course may have been taken. One thing is now known definitely: that the trial was very largely a faked-up affair, a useful method whereby to cover up the shortcomings of the Soviet Government at home by centring public attention on alleged British espionage against the Soviet Union. The internal political and economic situation in Soviet Russia is a long way from being satisfactory—one of the results of the isolation which followed the severance of relations between London and Moscow and the consequent cooling off of Germany and France—and the Soviet leaders

are finding it expedient to set up Britain as the Aunt Sally. These tortuous and terrorist methods of propaganda are no new thing in Soviet Russia, but of late they have become intensified. Such methods not only bespeak the savagery of the Bolshevik mentality: they are also a sign of the growing weakness of the Bolshevik position.

The Spanish Royal Decree summoning a National Assembly for October 10 is a bold move on the part of the Spanish Dictator, General Primo de Rivera, for the consolidation of his work. Although extensively advertised in Spanish official circles as the first step in the direction of normal Constitutional government, the summoning of this Assembly is in reality designed finally to bury the old Constitution of 1867, which the *coup d'état* of 1923 set aside, so that an entirely new one may take its place which will enshrine permanently the work of the Dictator. The Assembly is to be a purely consultative body with no legislative or administrative powers. Its members will for the most part be selected by a process of nomination, and, as far as practical government is concerned, their function will be to help the Dictator in putting his own ideas into execution. The fact that this Assembly is to prepare the plans for a new Constitution, and to help in the evolving of a new electoral law under which the Constituent Cortes will be elected, goes to show that the new Constitution, when it arrives, will be one of the Dictator's own making. Except among the ranks of the politicians of the old regime, and certain disgruntled elements among the military, it would appear that the Spanish people as a whole are likely to remain more or less indifferent to these projected developments, their primary concern being in the degree of material welfare the government is capable of giving the country. So long as the Dictator is able to keep the material situation on a fairly high level the great mass of the people are not likely to worry over-much as to changes in the form of the Dictatorship.

Humorists are often enough the authors of reform, and we hope that Mr. A. P. Herbert's letter to *The Times* on the absurdities of our gaming laws will have the effect it deserves. The confusion, hypocrisy, and pitiful quibbling of such legislation excite amazement in the foreigner and shame in the normal Englishman. There are in regard to betting only two tenable positions. Either betting is socially ruinous, and the State has an obligation to play grandmother to all its citizens, on which supposition betting ought to be totally extirpated by ferocious laws and an additional million policemen; or betting is something to be left to the discretion of the individual, in which case the State should recognize all forms of it and be content to derive a revenue therefrom. That it is lawful to bet in one place and not in another, that it is lawful to bet on the speed of one sort of quadruped and not on the speed of another: these are quite ridiculous contentions. But then the whole doctrine that the State should interfere in private non-criminal conduct is monstrous. We trust a citizen to assist in settling who shall govern the country; we do not trust him to decide where he may properly bet a shilling or when he may have a glass of beer.

SIR AUSTEN'S STAND

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN had an unanswerable case when he made his famous declaration of British policy at Geneva last week. This makes it all the more to be deplored that the sound sense of his argument should already have been forgotten in the noise of the criticism evoked by his manner. His mistake was that he couched his speech in the form of an apologia, when none was needed. His statement ended on a negative note which conveyed the entirely erroneous impression that Britain was not prepared to make any sacrifices or share in any risks for the furtherment of the League's work for the prevention of war; and thus gave rise to the continental jibe that Britain was about to withdraw into an isolation the reverse of splendid. By placing himself unwittingly in the dock at Geneva Sir Austen gave Britain's continental critics the opportunity to pass judgment on him as the villain of the piece, while the representatives of governments which have done far less than the British Government for the cause of international peace and security succeeded in obtaining the plaudits of the public galleries.

The plain truth of the matter is that the British Foreign Secretary was the only representative at Geneva who had the courage and the honesty to clear away the fog of fantasies and illusions which during recent years has tended to obscure the realities of the international situation as seen at Geneva. In so doing he rendered a necessary service to the cause of international peace and to the future work of the League of Nations. Unfortunately his manner was such that the immediate outcome of his action has been to isolate the British Delegation at Geneva. It is our opinion, however, that in the long run, when the noise of criticism has died down, this phase of isolation will pass and the League of Nations will be the better and the healthier for Sir Austen's action in bringing out into the open facts which everybody at Geneva knew to exist behind the screen of conventional phrases and lip service to theories that nobody intended to practise.

It is not, however, only from the standpoint of the League that this matter should be viewed. Sir Austen was addressing a League audience, but in reality his words were addressed to the world at large. He has, in effect, defined openly and honestly Britain's relation to the world situation as it is to-day. It is a situation inherited from the war and the immediate aftermath of the war and one which is fraught with problems containing the seeds of other wars to come. The general sense of insecurity—particularly on the part of the smaller states—engendered by this situation, caused a number of schemes to be promoted at the present League Assembly which, while theoretically designed to obviate war, in practice might well result in increasing the scope of war. We refer to the Polish and Dutch plans for reviving the old Protocol under new guises, plans which had for their objective the binding together of the members of the League in hard and fast agreements to intervene in conflicts which might

arise for any reason in any sphere. In rejecting these plans Sir Austen Chamberlain made it clear that Britain could not accept obligations to participate in disputes in which she has no interest; that she could not pledge the use of her armed forces—either naval or military—in conflicts arising out of questions outside the scope of the Locarno Treaties.

In plain terms Sir Austen meant that whereas we have a basic interest—which is also the basic interest of Europe as a whole—to guarantee peace on the Western frontiers between France and Germany, neither Britain, nor Europe as a whole has any interest or obligation to intervene in any dispute which might arise between Poland and Germany with regard to Germany's Eastern frontiers or the Danzig Corridor. In making this clear the British Foreign Secretary was but reminding Europe that no British Government could ever hope to receive a mandate from the Commonwealth of British peoples to entangle the Empire in disputes completely outside its competence, and that any attempt to embark upon a policy of entanglements would run the grave risk of sowing the seeds of discord, misunderstanding and perhaps even disruption within the Empire itself. The image he employed—"not even for this great League of Nations will I risk the disruption of that smaller but older League of the British Empire"—was not well suited to the atmosphere of the League Assembly, yet in this he rendered a service to the world at large by dispelling any false illusions which may have been cherished on this score and by discouraging any rash policies which might have been built up upon the basis of such illusions.

Sir Austen's commendable caution was also to be observed in his refusal to entertain the attempts to base obligations to intervene upon clear-cut definitions of what constitutes aggression. The British Delegation took its stand, and rightly, on the ground that once you define in exact terms the meaning of aggression you can be involved in active intervention in any kind of dispute quite out of proportion to its international merits.

There is also another side to the picture, upon which a little plain speaking can do no harm. It is that behind these vague schemes for reviving the Protocol—schemes which the rebellious smaller states, anxious to secure a universal instrument for their own security, supported willy-nilly—there was plainly discernible the efforts of certain interested quarters to use the League as a means for manoeuvring Britain into an Eastern Locarno. When the Polish proposal first came up at Geneva there were murmurings that the inspiration came from Paris, only to be followed by mystification when M. Briand followed up his cold reception of the Polish delegation by assisting Sir Austen to bury the Polish proposal. The British Delegation was perfectly aware, of course, that there are other elements at Paris besides M. Briand, and it is now an open secret that the French Foreign Minister, who had in hand, with the German Foreign Minister, a reasonable scheme for allaying Polish fears, was furious when he discovered this further instance of forces at work behind his back in the French capital. It is one of the

ironies of the situation that while it is Britain who is accused of fostering secret diplomacy under the cloak of the League, it is precisely Britain's blunt refusal to be involved in schemes born of the *arrière-pensées* of this same secret diplomacy which laid her open to the concerted attack made upon her at Geneva last week.

Great Britain has now made it clear that she pins her faith upon the method of regional agreements. She has demonstrated, as Sir Austen stated in his speech, that she is prepared to back her faith by deeds, and points to Locarno as the earnest of her goodwill. In this Britain has given a good example, and before she can be expected to assume further responsibilities she invites others to do as much by extending the principle and practice of regional agreements to the spheres of their own problems. This, to our mind, is at once the real meaning and the real justification of Sir Austen Chamberlain's statement of British policy.

We believe that Sir Austen's attitude will in the long run prove to have done infinitely more good than harm, provided that efforts are made as quickly as possible to create a positive policy out of what is as yet only a negative defence. If this is done there is no reason why the moral leadership at Geneva, which has temporarily slipped out of our hands into the hands of others, should not be ours again.

IN REPLY TO AMERICA

WE did not imagine that we should have occasion to refer again in these columns to the Sacco-Vanzetti affair. We have, however, recently received several letters from American readers charging us with prejudice or with imperfect acquaintance with the circumstances of the crime and the trial. Some of these have been merely abusive, but others have been so obviously sincere and so temperate in tone that we cannot, even if we would, remain indifferent to them. We must therefore return to the subject in an endeavour to meet their criticism. They have assumed our integrity of purpose and we cannot do less than return the compliment.

Below is one of the letters we have received. First it may be well to state briefly on what grounds we objected, and still object, to the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. They are simply these: first, that there was and remains a strong doubt as to the guilt of the prisoners, and that where such a doubt exists it is the business of justice to give accused persons the benefit of it; and second, that a delay of six years, by whomsoever caused, in carrying out the death sentence makes it imperative in the interests of humanity that that sentence should be commuted:

SIR,—In your article in the issue of August 13 on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, you say: "Against neither of the prisoners was there any previous court conviction." It is unfortunate that, like other foreign publications, you should have based your comments on the conviction of those men, not on the official record of the trial, but on a garbled *ex-parte* version of it—an *ex-parte* version that may have been produced *lucra causa*, by the expenditure of some of the \$350,000 that the Reds admit was collected to finance the six-year struggle to upset the verdict of July 14, 1921. Had you been properly

familiar with the facts, you would not have written the above sentence, for you would have known that Vanzetti had, on August 16, 1920, been convicted of complicity in a highway robbery at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, committed previous to the murder, and had been sentenced to from twelve to fifteen years' imprisonment therefor.

It is this same ignorance of the record that caused another influential British journal to blame the trial judge for the interjection of the Communist question into the case, whereas the record shows that this irrelevancy was introduced by the prisoners' counsel against the objection of the prosecutor and the advice of the judge. During the debate on its introduction the jury were excluded from the trial room.

Of a like piece is the rather sarcastic comment of the same journal, that all motions for a new trial were made before the trial judge, who would not reverse himself; because the law of Massachusetts, for the past ninety-one years, has restricted such motions in capital cases to the trial judge. This may have been hard on the accused in this case, but, obviously, they fared no worse than any other convicted person in the same situation in the Commonwealth during that period. However, the Governor of Massachusetts gave the condemned men the extraordinary privilege of a reprieve for the purpose of submitting a motion for a new trial before the full bench of the Supreme Court of the State; but, as the law was clear, the full court could not override it, and denied the motion. Again, as the law of Massachusetts does not provide for review of the facts on a murder conviction, the Governor created an extra-legal court consisting of the President of Harvard University, the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and an ex-judge to supply this deficiency of the law; and this court confirmed the finding of the jury and the opinion of the Governor as to the guilt of the condemned men. Would convicted murderers in England have received consideration of this kind in deference to the vociferations of those inevitably ignorant of the facts? Very properly, no.

Then there is the question of the prejudice of the trial judge. It is strange that this alleged prejudice was not apparent at the trial, and that the question was not raised until years after it. It was based on the fact that the judge was guilty of the indiscretion on one occasion of speaking of the case. But this indiscretion was as compatible with sympathy for the accused as the reverse. Prejudice means antecedent unfavourable bias; and antecedent unfavourable bias can not be predicated on the telling fact that, of the 200 or more rulings made by the trial judge in the course of the trial, not one was reversed by the Court of Appeal on matters of law.

As to the long delay between sentence and execution: this was wholly of the prisoners' seeking, and it was clearly for their benefit. At least it cannot be said that they lacked the opportunity of time to discover new evidence tending to exculpate themselves. Would they have enjoyed this opportunity in England? Again I say, very properly, no.

Whether the case be that of Sacco and Vanzetti, or that of anyone else, some of us here in the United States are quite satisfied to accept the verdict of the jury and of those officially charged with the examination of the evidence, for the very good reason that, whether innocent or not (and I do not of myself express an opinion one way or another), their judgment is more likely to be the correct one than that of those who necessarily know less about the matter than they.

I am, etc.,

F. J. DUNDON

115 Henry Street, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.

To the first count against us in this letter we must plead guilty. We were not at the time of writing in possession of the information that the prisoner Vanzetti had previously been convicted of complicity in crime. It is, however, an irrelevant fact, and in no way affects our argument against the execution of Vanzetti and his co-prisoner. The fact of previous conviction has no bearing on the conduct of the murder trial or on its consequences.

As to the argument that, since it has been the law of Massachusetts for the past ninety-one years to restrict motions for new trial for capital cases to the original trial judge, the prisoners Sacco and Vanzetti "fared no worse than any other convicted prisoner in the same situation in the Commonwealth during that period," this is not to excuse the case under review, but, on the contrary, to condemn all such others equally with it. It emphasizes rather than detracts from the force of the contention that the law of Massachusetts in this regard is inimical to justice.

Regarding the "indiscretion" of Judge Thayer, our correspondent Mr. Dundon avers that the allegation of prejudice is based on the fact that "the judge was guilty of the indiscretion on one occasion of speaking of the case." The findings of the Committee of Enquiry appointed by Governor Fuller admit indiscretion and do not limit it to a single instance. "From all that has come to us," says their Report, "we are forced to conclude that the Judge was indiscreet in conversation with outsiders during the trial. He ought not to have talked about the case off the Bench, and doing so was a grave breach of official decorum." Next, as to the delay of six years between sentence and execution. This, our correspondent tells us, "was wholly of the prisoners' seeking." We cannot admit this, and we are supported in our belief by Governor Fuller, who says in his Report: "The persistent, determined efforts of an attorney of extraordinary versatility and industry, the judge's illness, the election efforts of three District Attorneys, and dilatoriness on the part of most of those concerned are the principal causes of delay. The delays that have dragged this case out for six years are inexcusable." But even had the delays been wholly of the prisoners' seeking, that in no way compromises our contention that in the result they should have been followed by a reprieve on humanitarian grounds. Finally, we note that our correspondent is not prepared, any more than we are, to express an opinion upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoners. This seems to point to the existence of some doubt in his mind, and once more to reinforce our argument.

We have also received the letter that follows:

SIR,—The views expressed by the SATURDAY REVIEW and by most of the other leading London reviews and newspapers on the Sacco-Vanzetti case seem to such of us as have studied it carefully and are thoroughly familiar with all its details, unfriendly, unfortunate, and unjust.

To many of us who have always believed in the love of justice and instinct and fair play of educated Englishmen, it can be explained in only one way. We are convinced that you have been misinformed by false and poisonous propaganda, for the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, two American Radical weeklies, have grossly misrepresented the facts of the case and its merits. In my great desire to promote friendship and understanding between England and America, I submit the enclosed papers for your careful consideration and hope that you will find them as convincing, as I have, that the defendants had a fair trial and were properly convicted. These papers are:

A. The findings of Governor Fuller, who because of the great importance of the case and his desire to solve for himself the two questions of fair trial and guilt, made an independent investigation, with the aid of his personal counsel, a man of sound common-sense and legal ability. This investigation lasted for weeks, during which he examined ten out of the surviving eleven of the jurors, all the witnesses, the prisoners themselves, and Madeiros, who claimed that he and his gang committed the murder.

B. The full report of the Advisory Committee, consisting of A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, Judge Robert Grant, and Samuel W. Stratton, President of the Institute of Technology, who, at the request of Governor Fuller and as a stern but disagreeable public duty, made a very full and independent investigation of the case. Of these, Lowell and Grant are lawyers of large experience.

C. An editorial from the *Independent*, an excellent weekly now published in Boston, which seems to me the soundest summing up of the case which has appeared.

D. An editorial of the *New York Sun*, which, while correcting one of the statements in the *Spectator*, is temperate and fair.

E. A letter in the *Boston Transcript*, graphically describing the great harm to Anglo-American relations that these articles are creating, and are likely to create.

The Government closed their case without introducing evidence that the defendants were Anarchists, but their counsel,

seeing their case was desperate, insisted on introducing such evidence, although the judge advised against it. The result was that Anarchists, Communists, Nihilists, and Radicals in this and other countries at once raised a large fund, put it in the hands of a "Defense Committee," and, spending part of it in propaganda and part of it in employing counsel for the prisoners, have caused all the delays which have ensued, except for a short delay caused by the illness of Judge Thayer. One lawyer after another has made eight motions for a new trial before the judge, and, on his refusal, they have taken the case four times to the Supreme Court of Appeal. Most of these motions were utterly frivolous and intended only for delay.

I am, etc.,
FRANCIS PEABODY

10 State Street, Boston

Accompanying this letter, as its contents show, came five items of literature, offered as evidence of the satisfactoriness and justice of the trial, its sequels, and the conclusion of the case. We have read carefully every word of these documents and we find that they in no way alter the decision we arrived at in our article of August 13, to which our correspondents take exception.

Exhibits A and B, put in by our correspondent, are undeniably impressive. We are convinced of the absolute sincerity of purpose of Governor Fuller and his Independent Committee. The array of names and detailed review of successive investigations in these two reports are certainly impressive on the surface, but, again, they do not weaken, but rather strengthen, our argument regarding doubt and delay. The circumstances on which the various motions for new trials were based were examined *seriatim* by the Committee and one after another were considered insufficient as ground for granting a new hearing. We agree that separately they probably were so, but accumulated they produce such a sense of doubt as to justify, indeed to demand, if not a new trial at all events a reprieve.

Governor Fuller lays emphasis in his Report, as indeed does Mr. Dundon in his letter, on the fact that the evidence regarding the Communist sympathies of the prisoners was put in at the instigation of Counsel for the Defence and against the advice of the Judge. This is not so telling as it sounds. It is, in fact, difficult to see what other course lay open to defending Counsel. The prisoners on arrest had lied regarding their movements on the day of the crime. Their contention was—and the attitude of the United States authorities towards "Reds" at the time lends credence to it—that they lied thinking they had been arrested on account of their political views. They were, they contended, at that time engaged in political activities and they feared for their own safety and for that of their friends if they told the truth. This may or may not have been the fact, but it is credible, and if it were the fact it is difficult to see how the defending Counsel could refrain from referring to the matter; his alternative was to allow the prisoners' lies to remain unexplained—damning evidence of complicity in the crime. It looks as if the introduction of this aspect of the prisoners' affairs by the defence may well have been one of the penalties of innocence.

There follows the question of the automatic pistol found in the possession of Sacco and the bullet found in the body of Berardelli, one of the victims of the murder. On this subject some correspondence occurred in these columns a few

weeks ago. It was alleged by Counsel for the Defence that in reply to the question of the prosecution: "Have you an opinion as to whether bullet No. 3 was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence and what is your opinion?" the answer of Captain Proctor, the expert witness for the prosecution, "My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol," was deliberately framed to mislead the jury; the inference being that in saying that the bullet was "consistent with being fired" by the pistol, and not that it *was* fired by the pistol, the witness knew to his own satisfaction that it was not fired by the pistol in evidence but wished to convey to the jury that it was. This witness subsequently filed an affidavit saying that he had never been able to find any evidence to convince him that the fatal bullet had been fired from Sacco's pistol, and witnesses were subsequently forthcoming to swear that Captain Proctor had confided in them that in his real opinion the fatal bullet had *not* been fired through Sacco's pistol. The Committee find it "improbable" that witness should have said one thing at one time and another at another; and they reach the somewhat naïve conclusion that the words of his evidence "seem not unadapted to express his meaning." But the whole question turns on the point of what his meaning was. It is at least possible that he did not say one thing at one time and "exactly the opposite" at another, but rather that his answer in court was so unfortunately framed as to mean one thing to himself and another to the Jury.

Exhibit C is an article from the *Independent* of August 20, 1927. This protests against the language of those who were dissatisfied with the trial and its results, and quotes a manifesto from a group of such people published in the *New York World*. "Should these men now be allowed to go to the chair"—so runs the manifesto—"guilty or not guilty, in the face of the doubt that exists in the minds of most Americans" (Our italics) The *Independent's* comment on this is as follows: "If you can make enough agitation in the defence of criminals and persuade enough ignorant people that they are innocent, then, *ipso facto*, they *are* innocent, and must be pardoned—so they argue." This both begs the question and distorts the facts. It assumes in the first place that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty, and, in the second, suggests that those who protest against their condemnation believe them to be incontrovertibly innocent, whereas the manifesto they quote plainly uses the words "guilty or not guilty." But the *Independent's* main point is that it is impossible to judge a law case fairly without having heard the evidence. We agree at once that read evidence may convey a vitally different impression from that which is heard. But is that to say that only those who hear evidence are entitled to an opinion? That is of course sheer nonsense.

We respect and applaud the sincerity of purpose that has inspired our American critics. We deplore as deeply as they the unfortunate effect—temporary though it is—that the affair has had on Anglo-American relations. But in a matter of this kind such an effect is unavoidable and it would be cowardice to attempt to obviate it

by burking comment. We certainly do not imagine that those responsible for investigating this crime and conducting the trial are villains or knaves. Nor of course do we suggest that injustice and inhumanity are peculiar to one country or one case. We simply conclude that in this particular case, having regard to the twin elements of doubt and delay, it was both unjust and inhuman to execute the prisoners, and we are unable to find anything in the facts and contentions brought before us by our American correspondents to alter our conclusion.

MRS. MARKHAM ON RACING

By HILAIRE BELLOC

MARY: Last time we enjoyed your illuminating remarks, you postponed your instruction, dear Mamma, in order to tell us the sad end of Monsieur Boube. Will you not to-day, at last, tell us something about racing?

MRS. MARKHAM (*doubtfully*): I will do so, my dear Mary, but I am in some doubt whether the subject is entirely suitable for children of your tender years.

TOMMY: Why not, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Because there have unfortunately arisen in connexion with this noble and truly British sport many most deplorable practices, of which the worst perhaps is betting.

TOMMY (*eagerly*): And what other evil practices, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: I hesitate, indeed, to make you acquainted with such things, but perhaps it is as well you should be forewarned. An excessive indulgence in alcoholic liquor, loud raucous shouts and even the snatching of valuables from the body, the deception of innocent visitors, fraudulent avoidance of just debt, and (so I am assured) upon some popular racecourses an extravagance of grotesque dress, men with blackened faces and banjos, accompany what should be a dignified national pastime.

MARY: But, Mamma, there is no reason why we should fall into any of these deplorable malpractices through your description of the sport itself.

MRS. MARKHAM: There is not, my dear, as you very truly say, and I will therefore proceed to give you its essentials. First, you must know that a number of gentlemen, and sometimes even ladies, bring forward horses of which they are the owners with the object of testing which, perchance, may be the fleetest. These horses, which are often of very high value, are set in a row before a thing called a gate.

TOMMY: Why is it called a gate, Mamma?

MARY: How silly you are, Tommy; it is called a gate because it is a gate.

TOMMY: But if it is a gate, how could the horses get through it?

MRS. MARKHAM: Wait a moment. The gate is lifted. The large crowd which has assembled shouts in unison "They're off." The horses turn about in some confusion. They are re-aligned. All cry "False start"; but at the second or third attempt the gallant quadrupeds, each mounted by a very small man called a jockey, shoot off together like arrows from a bow. A wide course is kept open for the contest, the object of which is to see which animal will first reach the winning post. Near this point is a raised platform rising in tiers and known as the Grand Stand.

TOMMY: In tears, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, in tiers, one above the other.

TOMMY: I confess I am utterly bemused. This weeping, this superposition—

MARY: Mamma, do make him stop! I want to hear about the end of the race and the winning post.

MRS. MARKHAM: At the winning post itself the judge, seated with one eye closed and the other in exact line with two sticks, awaits the arrival of the competing steeds. The Grand Stand is full of wealthy people, and so, I understand, is a place called the Paddock—of which I do not fully understand the uses. As the animals arrive at full gallop, urged on by their diminutive riders who wear distinguishing colours such as *cérisé*, absinthe or motley, the judge redoubles his attention and declares, upon their crossing the line of the winning post, which has surpassed the rest in velocity and by how much: as, for instance, by a head, by a neck, by one or more lengths.

TOMMY: Then all is over bar shouting.

MRS. MARKHAM (*suspiciously*): Tommy, where did you pick up that expression?

TOMMY (*innocently*): Uncle Joseph said it, Mamma, just after Aunt Jane's will had been read. I asked him what it meant, and he said "You'll learn, kid, when you go racing." (*A pause*) Mamma, what is the meaning of "bar one," "the field," "a welsher," "the accommodation tent," "back to the smoke". . .

MRS. MARKHAM (*shocked*): I cannot conceive, my child, where you could have picked up such expressions!

TOMMY: It was Uncle Joseph, Mamma, who—

MRS. MARKHAM (*decisively*): I shall particularly desire you, Tommy, not to repeat such chance remarks as may fall from your Uncle Joseph. Many things are permissible to grown-up gentlemen which are not allowed to little boys.

MARY (*viciously*): Yes, indeed!

TOMMY (*plaintively*): But, Mamma, I do want to know what a welsher is.

MARY: Papa said the other day about the Vicar's son, "He's a dirty welsher." He said to Uncle Jose. . .

MRS. MARKHAM (*furious*): I have already commanded your brother to say nothing more about your Uncle Joseph! (*recovering herself somewhat*). I do not know what the word "welsher" means. I presume it has something to do with the Principality of Wales.

MARY (*anxiously*): But, Mamma, our Vicar was a Scotch Presbyterian, was he not?

MRS. MARKHAM (*firmly*): That is enough of this nonsense. Moreover, I also think I have told you quite enough about racing. If it leads to such shocking expressions on your brother's part, and to such foolish questions on your own, we had, I think, far better drop the subject.

MARY (*insinuatingly*): But, Mamma, you said yourself that there was something noble in this sport. Could you not at least tell us the names of those who are most famous in it?

MRS. MARKHAM (*mollified*): Well, my dear, there can be no harm in that! Many of the greatest of the land have ennobled the turf by their patronage.

TOMMY: The turf, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Do not interrupt. Racing is called the turf because the horses run over the turf.

MARY: Pray do not pay any attention to him, dear Mamma, but tell us the names of these great Englishmen.

MRS. MARKHAM: With pleasure, my dear. There is the AGA KHAN, MR. JOEL, and I remember in my youth, when such names were more familiar to me, the DUCHESS OF MONTROSE, LORD ROTHSCHILD and the MISTER ROTHSCHILDS, the MARQUIS D'APRESCOUP, the DUC D'ENFACE and plain MR. HUBBARD, all distinguished frequenters of Ascot, Epsom, Goodwood and Newmarket Heath.

MARY: What, dear Mamma, is meant by the phrase "purifying the turf"?

MRS. MARKHAM: There is meant by this phrase, my dear, a number of laudable efforts to rid a great national institution of its less savoury accompaniments. Thus betting in the street has been forbidden

to the poor. Indeed *all* betting is forbidden by law, save, of course, upon a place within the meaning of the Act. Further, since it would seem that horses are of such deplorable effect upon morals, dogs have recently been introduced as a Better Way.

MARY (*astonished*): Dogs, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM: Yes, Greyhounds. These chase an electric hare, so that all element of cruelty disappears from the performance. At first, indeed, the dogs were disappointed of their prey, and this troubled the consciences of not a few animal-lovers, particularly the vice-president of Our Dumb Friends. But latterly the reform has been introduced of giving the dogs refreshment after their exertions, from the flesh of other animals justly condemned to execution.

TOMMY: But who rides the dogs, Mamma?

MRS. MARKHAM (*hesitatingly*): As yet, my dear, they have no riders and this has been the cause of some confusion, since the onlookers naturally expect to tell their favourites by the colours worn by the jockeys. But I understand that the remedy is proposed of training monkeys to perform this function.

MARY (*clapping her hands*): Oh, Mamma, how ingenious! After this no further perfection can be imagined!

TOMMY (*doubtfully*): But, Mamma, are we sure that monkeys can be trained to ride?

MRS. MARKHAM (*cheerfully*): Certainly, my dear! Some years ago a very famous gentleman living in Paris, called Monsieur de Lessepps, was accustomed to ride out every morning with his seven children on ponies in a string behind him. And a kindly satirist shortly after trained seven monkeys to follow himself upon ponies in the same pleasant park, known as the Bois de Boulogne. So you see that monkeys *can* ride. Indeed, we should never despise our humble brethren, and monkeys of all kinds show surprising talent. Baboons, for instance, sing very sweetly in chorus to greet the rising sun.

MARY (*entranced*): Oh! Mamma! This is indeed absorbingly interesting! Will you not talk to us some day about baboons and other apes?

MRS. MARKHAM: That I will, my dears, for no beings are more instructive and useful and, in their own way, more beautiful than these, including the chimpanzee, our nearest relative. But that must be for next time.

WHERE TO LIVE

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

WE have spent nearly all this past week asking one another whether it would not be better to go back to town. Twelve months ago we were congratulating ourselves on having secured a seven years' lease of this house, and were handing over the remnant of our bank balance to painters and carpenters and odd men who walked about with ladders. We were so determined to put this house in order that we have been penniless ever since. It doesn't matter, though, we told one another, because we shall certainly want to stay here and it's so cheap living in this house. Now we are beginning to flirt with the Town Houses column again. "What I like about living in town," one of us will begin; then later the other will suddenly cry "You know, the trouble about living here—" We shall not go because we cannot afford it, but I believe if somebody came and offered us a house at only £100 a year more than we can afford, we should be off.

Such inconstancy is saddening. It grieves me to think of the vows we made last year, nor do I like to remember that there are people who can keep such vows and live in one place year after year, caring for it ceaselessly, never grumbling, growing old beautifully there. Those people give human life dignity and strength; they do not scurry about trying to gratify every little whim; they throw out sweet roots and happily mature, like a tree: and there are not many of them left. I see in imagination their grave and level regard, and I feel as if I were a whimpering child. But that does not prevent me from casting an eye down the lists of Bijou Residences and Perfect Gems. (And what a strange style the house agents have! They and their friends, the auctioneers, must read nothing but the novels of Lytton and Disraeli.)

The trouble is, I know very well I should not be satisfied if we returned to town. Twice I have settled down there, only to leave it for the country. I know all about life in both places now: if you want an ample and persuasive speaker (on either side of the question) in your annual Town v. Country debate, I am your man. What, then, is the matter with the country? At the moment the charge-sheet, like the local streams and wells, is full, and I will only select a few crimes. The first is that it has too many dripping grey days. The second that it limits your choice of company. You are compelled to ask your friends to stay with you, with the result that you are gorged for a few days and then starved for months. They cannot drop in on you, take you pleasantly by surprise. Friendship without casual visiting is a poor business. Again, in the country you cannot celebrate nor cheer yourself up; there are none of those little treats that should follow a good piece of news, a spell of hard work, or bad news or no work. You cannot say: It has been raining all day, I have written my nonsense, I am growing old in a world I do not understand, so I will go out and have four artful courses and a bottle and visit the play in company with the woman I like best. Deprived of such consolations, you must try to swallow your mood or luxuriate in it, and in time you will grow morose and be eaten up by a restless vanity. Authors who live in the country take to press-cuttings, and believe (as I do myself when I have not left this village for a month) that there is a conspiracy to deprive them of their proper recognition. They grind their teeth whenever they see an advertisement in large letters of another man's book, and if this man is younger than they are, they tell their wives that lunch was not fit to eat. Such is life in the country.

But what of life in town? The first fine day makes you wish you were out of the place. Why should people who can live where they please deliberately stifle themselves with bricks and mortar and soot? The jolly company, the little dinners, the theatres and concerts, these are very well, but what—I ask myself—about the week-ends? And my heart sinks. Who wants to be in London on Saturdays! And if Saturday is bad, Sunday is worse. Town on Sunday is a horror; it is a satirical Frenchman's idea of English life; the quiet is not that of

peace but of sudden death; the streets in the morning look as if they have been cleared for the funeral procession of faith, hope, and charity; in the evening the interment is taking place, and about ten o'clock you can hear the earth pattering on the coffins. You cannot sit quietly at home and read, the pleasant people you know are always away, but bores innumerable are on the prowl. Every Sunday I spend in the country, no matter how it rains, I congratulate myself that I am not in London. (I say nothing of provincial cities: this pen shall be dipped neither in gall nor vitriol.) Our Sunday evenings may be slow and even slothful, given up to the digestion of cold meat and salad, to bezique and the easier songs of Schubert and yawning, but at least they escape that vast melancholy of Sunday evenings in town, when a million black thoughts of Monday morning steal in from the streets outside. If we return to town—and really we think it would be much better—then we must grapple with these Sundays, and a hundred other evils, and surely there is nothing in the country quite so bad.

Then why not compromise? Why not—for example—spend every week-end in the country? The answer is easy. We cannot afford it. That is the point. This problem of where to live could be settled very easily and happily if we could afford the time and money to have one foot in the country and the other in London. I know several of these children of fortune, and they are at once my ideal and my despair. Only too well do I know their little place here and their little place there, their habit of skimming—before your very eyes—the cream off life, of just running down to be in time for the apple-blossom or the heather in bloom and then just running up in time for the first night or the party, their artful device of having always another kind of life and a week's accumulation of pleasant letters awaiting them somewhere else. Have I not seen them for ever arriving and departing like gods, at the merest hint of boredom—perhaps your company or mine—taking flight, now to lights and music and velvet stalls, now to quiet green places? If I was one of these luxurious giants, I should have the decency (I trust) not to write on this subject at all, for whatever I set down would really be nothing but one long smirk of satisfaction. It is a mistake, however, to imagine that if you are not an ordinary householder who is compelled to live fairly near his place of business, therefore you must be one of these lords of life.

There is a gulf between these two classes, and I am in it. "You're lucky," people sometimes say, "you can live where you like." And this is true, for my queer trade can be carried on almost anywhere. I am not compelled to live in this place or that, but can settle in Bayswater or the Cotswolds, near Paddington or near the Peak. So far, so good. But I can only live in one place. If I decide for the country, then I must stay in the country except for occasional short visits to town. If I move to town, I can only hope for a holiday now and then away from it. Therefore, though it is true that I can live where I like, it is not true to say that I am lucky.

I consider that I am unlucky. If circumstances demanded that I should take root in some place,

then I should settle down to make the best of it. I should grumble, of course, and every holiday I should rush away to some other and very different place and swear that I could be happy for ever there. But all this, the solid settling down on the one hand, and the romantic nostalgia on the other, the feeling of being an exile, would really be very satisfying. So situated, I should be like Wordsworth's skylark:

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

Every holiday would find me soaring—to the Heaven of the other place: the rest of the time I should be at Home, drawing sustenance through deep roots. But now consider my predicament. I cannot have two or more homes to gratify my inconstancy, and I am not compelled to settle anywhere. Therefore I—or rather, we, for I am not alone in my bewilderment—can never make the best of the place we happen to be living in nor even feel that we are exiles.

We have just sufficient freedom to encourage us to make the worst of a place. We are always restless, wondering whether, after all, it wouldn't be better if we left London for the country or the country for London. Our position has given us a maddeningly sharp eye for the disadvantages of living in any particular place. We are now authorities on the "drawbacks." For a month or two, perhaps, we can regard an estate agent with indifference, but after that our interest begins to quicken again and we are drawn, not without a protest from what remains in us of sanity, to the back page of the newspaper, the fantastic fables of *bed & recep*. And this cannot, I insist, go on much longer. I must have either less freedom or more, even if it means either taking a job with a house attached to it or becoming a successful playwright and having three places and a yacht.

THE THEATRE COUNTY GUY

By IVOR BROWN

The High Road. By Frederick Lonsdale. The Shaftesbury Theatre.

THE best plays are those which are carved from the substance of life, but there is a good second-class which disdains the substance and cultivates the surface. The dramatist in this grade is no prophet and has no ambition to become a green-room senator. He is content to look upon the scheme of things as a blank sheet whereon he may impose his fancies. He is a pattern-maker, not a publicist, and if he insists on moulding humanity to suit his own design, he can only be judged by the success of his decoration. If his fable be neat and his wit be apt, why should we assault him like Puritan captains, roaring after realities and demanding doctrine that quickens and sustains? Sometimes in the history of the theatre the Puritan asserts himself and builds a lay pulpit where the modish fops have waned for the world's delight. But even those of us who most like to see Obadiah emerge from time to time and bind the fops in chains and trollops in links

of iron, must admit that the moralists are only invaders in the kingdom of the Cavalier. Plays for Puritans may force an entrance into the Alsatia of periwig and purple patch and high pretence. But the Alsatians are autochthonous rulers and the gentleman in charge of "the limes" is a master of ancient lights.

Mr. Lonsdale is one of the best of our Cavalier dramatists. He gives one the impression that truth bores him; he not only writes to amuse, but he does it with such cunning that he almost convinces us of the monstrous proposition that actuality is tedious. Of course, if he were to abandon actuality altogether, he would be a dull dog indeed; his method is to make unlikely people do unlikely things in a most likely way. His situations can be as extravagant as artifice can make them; his dialogue is drawn undiluted from the vat of modern humours. It is this wit from the wood which gives warmth and animation to his plays. In 'The High Road' Lord Trench is an impossible old boor; but Lord Trench climbs to a giddy pinnacle of bad manners with such neatness and despatch that our critical faculty is disabled. Our eyes dazzle and we do not stop to think. Mr. Lonsdale goes his Cavalier way and the flourish of his fancy compels us no less than the mailed fist of argument.

Let Puritan Sober-sides take but a glimpse of 'The High Road' and he can prove to you in a moment that it were better called Preposterous Avenue. We are introduced to "the county" at Lord Crayle's house. His lordship appears to have gone to sleep in the eighteen-eighties and never woken up. Old Lord Trench has got out of bed on the wrong side every morning of his long, vituperative life and slangs his wife in public with more freedom than would be thought decent in Bermondsey on Bank Holiday night. Lady Trench is an ogress to whom the killing of joy is passion and pastime both. Sir Reginald Whelby, who appears to be a permanent guest at Lord Crayle's, would be a formidable snake in any noxious grass. The trouble is caused by the determination of Lord Crayle's son, John, to marry Elsie Hilary, the famous actress. The Crayle crowd are as horrified as if he were proposing an alliance with the belle of a saloon bar in Port Said. The world, it seems, has not moved since Rose Trelawny fluttered her way through the barriers of caste. Elsie turns out to be no adventuress but an angel fit to go choiring with any cherubim. She walks without loss of dignity straight into the heart of Lord Crayle and conquers, en route, the charming and susceptible Duke of Warrington. By the Duke she is also conquered; John she had suffered gladly; for the Duke she nobly burns. Nobility, indeed, flames so high in Elsie's self-sacrificial bosom that she bids the Duke go back to another lady who has been long in waiting. Her memory might lie between them and she has a claim on the ducal hand and fortune. So the Duke goes off to Paris and the lady, while Elsie returns to the stage without a title, a husband, or a stain on her conscience. There was no doubt that Elsie was passionately devoted to the Duke and I do not believe that in the whole history of sex a woman who passionately wanted a man deliberately presented him to another lest a memory should lie between them. This kind of fudge may bring tears to the eye when anxious fingers are wetted to turn over the leaves of the feuilleton, but is an audience accustomed to tart modern comedy expected to believe a word of it?

Yet it is enormously easy to enjoy this play. When Mr. Lonsdale is in charge the suspension of disbelief becomes second nature. Or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that when Mr. Lonsdale supplies the dialogue to a first-rate company of actors we forget the sobriety of reason completely and settle down to see "the county" guyed. Mr. Fred Kerr presents Lord Trench as a curmudgeon on the grand scale; the old wretch loves nothing save his belly and is the very genius of mental famine. The mutual loathing of this

venerable savage and his gaunt wife is comedy of the large, ferocious kind. Miss Gertrude Kingston and Mr. Kerr might, by the power of their portraiture, overbalance the play if the play had any particular poise of its own. Fortunately there is no such delicacy to be wounded and this terrific caricature of Solid English Gloom can run across the whole page. There is light relief when the seemingly perennial winter of Lord Trench's discontent is thawed by his introduction to a cocktail. Here there is a first fine careless rapture which might be considered the most expressive compliment ever paid to the illustrious houses of Booth and Nicholson in general and to that particular emollient of flinty natures known as "a gullet-washer." Simple fun, if you like, but superbly done. It is enough to hear Lord Trench's first comment on a cocktail ("It's a short drink") to realize the devastating eloquence of a simple truth.

Into "the county" breaks the impossibly noble Elsie's impossibly ignoble sire. This Mr. Hilary is played by Mr. Alfred Drayton with as much genius as Mr. Kerr brings to Lord Trench. The affable boulder whose nervous eagerness to please only quickens the horrors of his affability, is another figure of comedy on really large lines, and the reactions of the smart, smirking, prattling Hilary on the snarling peer provide an opportunity for the acting that is as livid as the emotion which it presents. The hot breath of hatred plays round Hilary and its warmth seems only to draw out and enrich the dreadful distempers of his bland effrontery. This is pure theatre, larger than life and more rhetorical than reality can ever be. But there is a gusto about it whose impact is immediate. The difference between a great and an efficient comedian is a thing as instantaneously perceived as it is laboriously explained. As with the comedian, so with comedy. Size of conception and force of execution may work by gentle pressure in the drama which admits fine shades. Mr. Lonsdale and his team go on their country-house visiting in the spirit of caricature and they know their job. Our surrender is swift. We remember that Elsie is very well played by Miss Cecily Byrne, that Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston, and Mr. Ian Hunter are well up to rather moderate demands on their capacity. But Elsie and her Duke are only heroine and hero by courtesy title. The hero of the affair is County Guy, alias Mr. Fred Kerr, and it were unmannerly to cavil at any play in which the humour of spleen is so lavishly set out and so perfect a gargoyle adorns the Alsatian façade.

MUSIC

AT THE PROMS: SOME SYMPHONIES

IT is a strange thing that when the devotees of a great artist wish to pay him a compliment and acclaim him before the world, they often choose to do it by labelling him with the name of some other and accepted genius, thereby giving to their idol the mere place of a satellite to some greater body, instead of allowing him an individual planetary existence of his own. The Brahmins hailed their master's C minor Symphony as 'The Tenth,' and, although I do not think that anyone has dubbed Elgar's first Symphony 'Brahms's fifth,' things quite as foolish have been said about it. But, while refusing to have anything to do with catchwords of this nature, at the conjunction of the two composers at the Queen's Hall last week, I could not help making comparisons and seeking to discover what, if anything, the one owed to the other.

We must not speak of "handing on the torch," for art is not a sort of relay-race in which the various competitors run round the same track with the same handkerchief. Yet it is interesting to trace how a form is evolved by one man from what his predecessor left him, and developed by his successor into something different, each giving expression to his own experience. It is interesting, and so long as we do not lose sight of each man's individual and unique position in our examination of his place in a genealogy, it is also of some value in assisting our apprehension of music. Earlier in the week, for instance, Sir Henry Wood played Haydn's 'Midi' Symphony, an example of the symphonic form in its earliest stage, when it had not yet freed itself of the conventions of its two parents—the concerto as practised by Bach and Handel on the one side, and the vocal music of Italy on the other. Haydn still uses a *concertante* group in contrast with the remainder of the orchestra, but his idiom is that of the Italian opera of the day.

In the same programme we were shown how Mozart consolidated the new form and gave it those characteristics, which were to serve as the model for all symphonies for more than a century. For Mozart was the first to make a symphony something more than a suite of four movements, whose only relationship with one another was one of tonality. He made the four movements, at least in his later works, into a coherent whole, four aspects of the same idea or mood. This coherence is at the base of all Beethoven's great symphonies. The effort to maintain it and to emphasize it is the reason for his use of themes from one movement in another, as in the fifth and ninth Symphonies. The same desire for coherence caused Tchaikovsky to employ motto-themes and César Franck to develop his cyclic method.

Brahms seems to have felt no need for the use of the somewhat specious means of attaining to unity, which were employed by the two last-named composers. He was able, like Mozart and Beethoven before him, to sustain a single train of thought through an extended work without resort to such devices. Herein lies one of his fundamental differences from Elgar, whose two symphonies are held together by continual reference to or development of a central musical idea. In the first symphony there is something slightly forced in the recurrence of the main theme, although the architecture of the whole is admirably balanced. This impression is, perhaps, due largely to a feeling that the theme itself, for all its style of nobility, is not intrinsically of the highest rank, though its transformation into the long and lovely melody of the slow movement, which is in reality a "variation" upon it, is one of the finest things in music. Nevertheless, I feel that Elgar was far more successful in his second Symphony, where the motto-theme is of a less formal cut, and therefore not so obtrusive, and also more easily modified and transformed. This theme is admirable for its purpose as a parent capable of fertilizing the whole work.

Yet we cannot speak of Elgar's melodies as germ-themes, in the sense in which we apply the word to the four notes, from which the whole of Beethoven's fifth Symphony miraculously springs, or to the simple phrase for horns, out of which the first movement of Brahms's Symphony so naturally grows. It is this sense of growth that most differentiates Brahms's music from Elgar's, in which the material seems to have been prepared beforehand and then built into place. I seem to remember having read somewhere an apt comparison of the two, in which Brahms's music was likened to a plant grown from the small seed under the natural influence of sunshine and shower, while Elgar's was said to resemble a border bedded out with flowers raised in the greenhouse. I am not sure that the writer did not say, "hot-house"; indeed he should have done so, thereby introducing into his simile a touch of subtle criticism.

Brahms and Elgar have, however, one characteristic in common, as writers of symphonies. Or, rather, Elgar has developed quite logically one of Brahms's contributions towards the symphonic form. For, in his desire to escape from making his first movements too much like formulæ cut to the pattern of the Beethoven first movement, Brahms tended to develop his material at once, not barely stating the facts and leaving the elucidation of them entirely to the development section. This process has been carried further by Elgar, notably in the violin concerto, but also in his two symphonies, so that the first movements have lost their definite divisions into exposition, development and recapitulation, although the three parts are there in a less obvious guise. For these are the main supports of any piece of symphonic architecture; but, as in building, there is no reason why their relative positions and proportions should not vary.

Between Brahms's third Symphony and Elgar's first, which gave rise to this discussion, there is another curious resemblance. Brahms has made the tonality of his first movement a little uncertain as between major and minor. Elgar has gone further, so that it is impossible to say what key his first subject is in—not the first "nobilmente" theme but the first subject proper of the *Allegro*. The result is that the music is restless and hard to follow, having no points of repose at which the listener can pause for a moment. While there is no objection in theory to such a proceeding, one may question whether in practice this does not amount to the abandonment of one of the essentials of the symphonic form. One feels, in listening to this music, that apart from certain other faults, its foundations are shifting and insecure.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—81

SET BY J. B. MORTON

A. *Somebody has invented and patented a new boot, called the "Osoluvli." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a parody, in not more than 200 words, of the modern style of advertising, written by an advertisement copy-writer whose task it is to persuade the Great British Public that here, at last, is the World's Best Boot.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a new Drinking Song (not an imitation of old ones).*

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 81A, or LITERARY 81B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, September 26, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 79

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. Isaac Tooke was a seventeenth-century divine of whose literary works only the following fragment has come down to us:

Of Children I have gotten a great and radiant Companie: not after the Mode of mortall Generation, but rather in Default of the same; for the Heart's Passion, being not deliver'd in Utterance, but pent in the quincuncial Tower of the Spirit, spendeth itself without Profit in the solitary Procreation of Images, which quicken the ardent Soul with Terrour of their phantastickal and unappeasing Beauties.

On the supposition that this passage concludes the first paragraph of a discourse entitled, 'The Seven-Horn'd Beaste,' we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a convincing reconstruction of that paragraph, the whole of which must contain not fewer than three hundred and not more than four hundred words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a comment, in the form of a four-line epigram, on the Sacco-Vanzetti affair.

REPORT FROM MR. BULLETT

79A. The entries were few, but on the whole very good. I cannot say, however, that I have experienced any great difficulty in choosing the prize-winners. Finewell is to be commended for a gallant attempt; so are J. McD. K., M. R. Thring, and Eva Tytler. But none of these, though their words and their conceits were tolerably well chosen, quite succeeded in avoiding the accent of the twentieth or of the nineteenth century and capturing the Isaac Tooke cadence. By far the most convincing blend of eloquence and pedantry was submitted by Rotterdamus whom I recommend for the first prize. Will he send his address to the Editor? Mastix, by virtue of his ingenuity, comes second.

FIRST PRIZE

He that hath a quick commodious Imagination joyeth in it as a Cavalier in a mightie great Stallion, never employing it as a mettlesome Sire, but riding it with pompous Playe, over-prodigall Prancing and lustie vaine-glorious Noises; to the End that humble Pedestrians may regard his liberal Courses and envie him his Fortune. But although this wanton Fellowe needeth not the Prickes, neither can he always curbe the leaping ardent Humours of his Mount, but goeth whithersoever it will; nor is it like unto that Pegasus whereof we read in Greek fabills, elevating him to the lucent Dwelling of the Immortals and drawing from the flowerie Hills by the vibrant Percussion of its Hoofes bright merrie Streams profitable to Man. Truly he that pleasureth thus pridefully in his Imagination maketh of it not a Servant but a lewde indomitable Monster; and he is transported by it to far Lands wherein are strange Pastures; among them he resteth, and with profane and unlawfull Reverence boweth naughtily before a Beaste having seven Hornes whose Styles are Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Calliope, Camenae and Erato. Wherefore, in that he hath mislay'd the rational Touchstone empowering him to distinguish betwixt the Eternal and the Diuturnal, his giddie Lot is like to occasion dolorous expectancy of Tragedie in his Friends; but let us demand whether the Man that constantly striveth to shape his Offices prudently and frugally, making of his Imagination a sweete Spouse, albeit in *Usu* rather than *cum certis et sollempnibus Verbis*, hath a greater

Rewarde from Life. There are Houres wherein I, who am of this Kinde, do sense no more compleat Beatitude than that which Intercourse with the Imagination bringeth, declaring as I savoure the sugar'd Draughtes of Memorie and the illicit Nectar of divers insubstantial Venturings, *Non tot Attica mella*; whether this tender Communion be pernicious I know not but would now determine; at least it is not barren. Of Children I have gotten a great and radiant Companie: not after the Mode of mortall Generation, but rather in Default of the same; for the Heart's Passion, being not deliver'd in Utterance, but pent in the quincuncial Tower of the Spirit, spendeth itself without Profit in the solitary Procreation of Images, which quicken the ardent Soul with Terrour of their phantastickal and unappeasing Beauties.

ROTTERDAMUS

SECOND PRIZE

To the Reader:

That an Anachorite should leaue the Celle where he hath lain these score years, it selfe is matter for Wonder: that he bringe from his Desarts a *stilus* of Fyre and Galle, perchance Presumption. Yet this same Eremita, in his secret Trench hearing as it were a Repercussion and rebounding *Echo* of your Worlde, cannot forbear his Spleene, oft hath cried *Semper ego audier tantum*, Am I euer to heare and not speake, to iudge and neuer condemne? When I see your worldlie unanities, your Gallants that grinne like a Dog and runne aboute thorough the Citie, and that Apocalyptick Beaste with Seuen Hornes, as of Mammon Worldlienesse, Lust, Gluttony, Violence, Heresie, and Lies; then to alle such doe I saye: *Nil inultum remanebit*, that there will nothing lack its portion; *teste David cum Sibylla*, David and the Sibyl haue testified thereto. Let them then bee ware of running with the Goates, lest they faile finally of the promis'd Sequestration *inter oves*, in the Foldes of the Elect. And doubtlesse there will some bee founde which will cry: *What does Hierome out of his Wildernesse?* 'Tis true, I neither knowe the Worlde nor am of it: I am of those which haue no *Mistresse* but their Muse; I, and that Muse* neither Melpomene, Mistresse of the High-tragickall Sceane, nor her slippered Sister; Neither *Erato*, which of late weares Italian Cloathes, warbling upon I knowe not what *Viols d'Amore*, with her effeminate Galli, her French ministrants; nor, for I durst not approache, doe I hange my uotive Tablets to *Polymnia*, whose Temple doth our Deane of *Paules* keepe, now *un-Donne* to the Worlde. Yet none of these doe I followe; whether by Wish or Disabilitie, the Reader can iudge the Issue: for I am Content. Of children, etc.

MASTIX

* I, and that Muse: early seventeenth century for Ay, and that . . .

79B. The epigrams were a poor lot. Every kind of clumsiness was committed. It is curious that an affair which has caused world-wide indignation should have moved competitors chiefly to pompous platitude and to a well-nigh incredible facetiousness. Eva Tytler again deserves commendation:

Who talks of cross-eyed Justice, Party led?
Do you not realize these men were RED?
In this enlightened country of the Free
If they're not guilty, then they ought to be.

I recommend that the sum of the two prizes be equally divided between Amos, who is asked to send his address to the Editor, and G. Rostrevor Hamilton.

"Kill!" reasoned savage men, and felled the prey
In clumsy swiftness with their clubs or spears.
Civilization in its nicer way
Takes the deliberate aim of seven years.

AMOS

Innocent men, unfairly tried?
True, but you miss the point: they died
That justice might be held in awe—
O criminals! O criminal law!

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

* Letters to the Editor are held over this week owing to lack of space.

BACK NUMBERS—XLI

IN an issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, dated January 2, 1904, I find a paragraph beginning: "Mr. George Gissing, who died last week, was a second-rank novelist; considering who the first-rank English novelists have been—George Eliot, for instance, Thackeray, and Walter Scott—this is not to appraise him too lowly: the second-class rank includes writers even as brilliant as Trollope, Fanny Burney, Bulwer, and possibly Jane Austen, a goodly company to be in."

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Now that is a paragraph over which I do not feel any of the complacency with which I usually in this column brood on the opinions of my predecessors. With Gissing himself I will deal presently; for the moment I am concerned to inquire whether George Eliot was indeed a novelist of the first order, whether Jane Austen was one of the second. To be sure, the talk is of English novelists only, and I am of those who sometimes wonder whether any of our novelists are in that rank which includes Balzac, Stendhal, and a few other Frenchmen, with two or three Russians. But, even lowering the standard to suit the acknowledged masters of the English novel, the most of whom lack either fundamental seriousness or shape, and suggest the grown-up schoolboy or the mere entertainer or the gifted amateur rather than the artist, is George Eliot among our greatest? She attained to her own sort of seriousness, and depressing enough it was, but only by shedding the qualities which gave salt to her earlier work. A writer is not to be judged by her worst, but 'Daniel Deronda' is a fairly strong argument against the glorification of George Eliot.

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Jane Austen, surely, is not of the first order or the second, but an exquisite, limited creature *hors concours*. Trollope may fairly be described as of the second order, if it be added that but for the fact of middle-class Victorian England not being the world in all ages he would have been in the first. And to come to Gissing, it is questionable whether we should accept the challenge he issued by writing fiction or examine him simply as a man of letters. He had some of the gifts of the novelist; he had observation, a feeling for character, some skill in the handling of episodes, but he had also the habit of developing the episode in a kind of vacuum, as if the characters not involved in it had suspended their lives, and in his heart of hearts he cared more for antiquity than for contemporary life, and for books than for life.

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Much of his best material was derived from the clash between the ideals of the man of letters, sighing for a scholar's leisure, and the practical demands of an economic world with which the dreamer could not cope. He wrote of poverty with a profound, angry understanding of what it inflicted on that cultured gentleman, not merely in hardship, but in moral degradation; he never fully understood that for the bulk of those born to poverty there were mitigations, that partly through insensitiveness, partly through courage, partly through humour, they could endure it and even mock it good-naturedly.

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Perhaps there is nothing more typical of Gissing the writer of fiction than a certain short story. It

deals with a man, once affluent, who has lost all his money through participation in the enterprise of a friend. Having gone into retirement, he by chance meets the widow and daughter of that friend, who have no idea of his situation, and by whom he is lured back into social life. To explain his poor address, he allows it to be understood that he is engaged in welfare work among slum-dwellers. They send him a donation for that work, and he goes very near to using it for his own purposes. It is a cruel, quite masterly story, with a central character presented with the rarest skill. But a series of novels which leave much the same impression as that story means for the reader something more like depression than a purging of the emotions.

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There, after all, is the main trouble with the realistic novels of Gissing: the most of them are painful rather than tragic. The expression of a baffled idealism, they sometimes cause one to ask whether there is not something petty in characters so continuously aware of what is mean, sordid, cramping in their environment, whether beings so sensitive to the unpleasant things of life should not also be sensitive to the pleasant. But in Gissing himself all the while there were "nerves of delight." When at long last he achieved a modest competence, and was free to wander, there came from him a very wonderful book. I remember distinctly after so many years the astonishment with which I read 'By the Ionian Sea.' That it reveals learning and admirable taste, and is written in choice prose, that it has all sorts of incidental merits, need not now be insisted upon. The point is that it is quietly vibrant with the rapture of release. The scholar, the lover of comely and classic things, has attained to a liberty in which he can muse at will, without irritating intrusion upon his hard-won leisure.

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There is not much of that feeling where one would expect to find it, in his careful reconstruction of ancient social life. There is much of it in the mellow 'Henry Ryecroft,' but I at least cannot subscribe to the opinion that it surpasses 'By the Ionian Sea.' It is full of fine thinking, fine feeling, good writing, and except in certain pages by Mr. George Moore, there is nothing in modern English literature which more faithfully conveys the illusion that the writer is thinking aloud. But something of the earlier joy in release has naturally enough faded out, and the setting, though happily sketched, is after all not so congenial to Gissing as the classic scene.

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Gissing is being revived now, apparently with considerable success. His novels may become rather less unpopular than they were, but it is improbable that the critical few will alter their opinions about him. The qualities of his fiction and its defects were evident from the first to those who had eyes for them. Criticism has gone on repeating itself about Gissing the novelist; its only opportunities for saying anything fresh have been those provided by the book of travel and by the book in which Gissing looked back on the trials of his life. Or, if there has been any other opportunity, it has been that offered by that remarkable volume in which, under a disguise of fiction, Mr. Morley Roberts told the truth about his friend. A recent volume of Gissing's correspondence, full of interesting things, hardly supplies matter for reconsideration of his personality or artistic intentions.

STET.

REVIEWS

GOETHE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Goethe. By J. G. Robertson. 'The Republic of Letters' Series. Routledge. 6s.

THE first sentence of Professor Robertson's preface runs as follows:

The biography of none of the great figures in the world's literature—either in whole or in part—has been so often written as that of Goethe.

It is not difficult, of course, to guess the meaning of this peculiar collocation of words, but I feel obliged to protest against the practice of throwing a parenthesis haphazard into a sentence and leaving the reader to put it in its proper place. If, one cannot help asking, the author knows no more than this about his own language, what is he likely to have to tell us about a foreign poet? The answer is, quite frankly, not much. As Professor Robertson meant to say, there have been more books about Goethe than about any other figure in the world's literature. "There is still room," he adds, "for new books about him." I suppose there is. The last fifteen years have produced at least two of some value, Herr Emil Ludwig's, which Professor Robertson mentions, and Houston Stewart Chamberlain's, which he does not. George Henry Lewes's, published as long ago as 1855, is still the most readable and, on the whole, in spite of subsequent additions to our knowledge, the best interpretation both of the man and the poet.

The reason for the present extension of a vast literature is not easy to discover. "The new science of psychology," says Professor Robertson, "is leading to a revision of the old, simple method of interpreting the poet's work as a precipitate of his experience." I do not know what this means: I confess I have found no traces of anything new in a rather muffled study, which monotonously repeats the old commonplaces. Professor Robertson even says that Goethe "stood face to face with Napoleon and received his homage." The nearest Napoleon got to homage was his ejaculation, "Voilà un homme!" Chamberlain translates this: "Ein sackerments Kerl!" which we may render again, roughly, as "Golly, what a chap!" It is, that is to say, coarsely but expressively appreciative—no more and no less.

To represent this as amounting to "homage" is merely to accept the "official" German legend of Goethe, best embodied in all its richness in the work of Bielschowsky, but repeated in a thousand publications. And what need was there to repeat the legend yet once more? What we need is a constructive criticism of it that will give us Goethe as a credible human being and his works as the expression of that human being, not as the oracular utterances of a rather stuffy demi-god. Even Hume Brown ventured on a few timid reservations: he remarked on his hero's weakness of will. But Professor Robertson accepts, virtually without any reservation at all, that version of Goethe as an historical figure rather than a man which was, perhaps, Goethe's least attractive creation.

The crux is here, as almost always, in his relations with women. The plain truth is that he was doubly inflammable, both sensually and sentimentally, and could not exist without intimate feminine companionship. The sensual in him rushed him into entanglements: the sentimental made him promise more than his nature enabled him to perform. He made love to Friederike at Sessenheim and abandoned her. He made love to Lotte Buff at Wetzlar, but she, though greatly

disturbed, remained staunchly (and wisely) true to her *Bräutigam*. He returned to Frankfort and made love to the newly-married Maximiliane Brentano, whose husband sensibly forbade him the house. Again, in Frankfort he made love to Lili Schönemann, to whom, somewhat disconcertingly, he found himself affianced. It was not easy to escape this entanglement by running away from his own home: he therefore behaved in such a manner that the engagement lapsed.

Such behaviour is not, perhaps, to be too severely reprobated in a young man in the early 'twenties. Let us, however, describe it as what it is, culpably *leichtsinig*, and selfish as well, and not put it down as a sign of Goethe's overwhelming genius. Professor Robertson says of the affair with Friederike: "Behind Goethe's faithlessness lay . . . the vaguely understood but imperative demand of his genius for freedom." Of the affair with Lili he says: "There was another disturbing thought: the fetters marriage would lay upon him. At no time of his life did his genius, conscious of its growing strength, feel so much the need of freedom as now."

I am curbing myself a little when I describe all this as conventional nonsense. What did Goethe make of the freedom he had purchased at so great a cost to others? Almost immediately after he had jilted Lili he went to Weimar, first of all as the favourite of the Duke, and continued there, more honourably, as a Minister of State. The ten years from 1776 to 1786 are, by general consent, including Professor Robertson's, the most barren in his life. He was twenty-six when he obeyed the summons to become the companion of a prince several years younger than himself and in every way his intellectual inferior. He was thirty-six when he broke away from this bondage and went to Italy. During this time he definitely failed to fulfil his promise. He added a little, but not much, to his collection of lyrical poems: he did much useful administrative work in a tiny principality, work comparable to that done by an efficient Clerk to a County Council. 'Faust,' 'Der ewige Jude' and 'Prometheus' all remained unfinished. The second and third of these, which should have been of equal importance with the first, never were finished. If his genius warned him against the "fetters" of marriage, why did it not warn him against this infinitely more stultifying servitude?

The fact is that no consciousness of genius, but a fundamental weakness of character, withheld him from marriage. He suffered from what Emile Faguet used to call *l'horreur des responsabilités*. Lewes says that if he had had the strength to marry Friederike his knowledge of life might not have been so wide but it would have been deeper. This is equally true if one substitutes Lili for Friederike. But marriage would have entailed responsibilities. It would have complicated his dependence on his father, it would have prevented any dependence, such as he subsequently enjoyed, on a princeling. It would have meant hard work. It was by no means certain that he would have been successful in the profession for which he was educated: he does not seem to have been a very good lawyer. If he had married he would have had to take to literature as a means of livelihood: he would have had to submit to Schiller's drudgery, to hack translation and the obsequious search for a professorship. It may seem a pity that a poet should have to drudge, but it is a fact that most of the greatest writers the world has known have had to look to literature for a living. Goethe evaded his responsibilities and found in the end that he had accepted another kind of drudgery which robbed him of the ten most precious years of his life. We may lament the fact that the most greatly gifted poet of the modern world should have been prevented by an inherent weakness of character from making the best use of his gifts, but it is difficult to be patient with yet another book which represents the weakness as a virtue.

MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS

The Letters of Gertrude Bell. Selected and edited by Lady Bell. Benn. Two vols. £2 2s.

THERE was a bewildering versatility of gifts in Gertrude Lowthian Bell, which makes her career, successful though it was, one of the most fascinating contemporary studies in "might-have-beens." To quote Lady Bell's introduction, "Scholar, poet, historian, archaeologist, art critic, mountaineer, explorer, gardener, naturalist, distinguished servant of the State, Gertrude was all of these, and was recognized by experts as an expert in all of them." Yet she had finished with all of them, except one, at the comparatively early age of forty-six, when her energy was undiminished and her intellectual powers at their height.

She might have been a great traveller, perhaps the greatest of women travellers; and, in 'The Desert and the Sown,' she proved that she might have been a great travel-writer too. She might have excelled at mountaineering. As it was, her exploits in the Alps in the early years of this century attracted widespread attention, and her Swiss guide, Ulrich Fuhrer, has said of her that he knew of "very few to surpass her in technical skill and none to equal her in coolness, bravery and judgment." She might have settled down as an historian at Oxford after taking her brilliant First at the age of nineteen, or she might, in those early years, have turned to poetry and creative writing, as Lady Bell suggests (though we cannot feel quite so certain that she would have succeeded there). She might have carried her studies in Oriental languages, or in art-criticism—for both of which she had a wonderful aptitude—far beyond the point they actually reached.

As an archaeologist, she had a genius for field-work, to which Sir William Ramsay pays tribute here, and only lacked the time to make full use of it. Her social gifts were exceptional. As a girl she was almost as enthusiastic about dancing as she was about the Persian poets, and we find her, in the same letter, complaining that she had been unable to find a manuscript she wanted at the British Museum and that no chaperon was available to take her "to Lady Pollock's on Tuesday." All these fields lay open to her—to her who had never failed to do "superlatively well" anything she attempted. But the war intervened. Her personal inclinations were no longer to be considered. And the war took her into office work, administration, politics—and kept her there until her death, brought on by overwork, in 1926. Many will think that it was one of the war's tragedies.

Yet it is difficult to believe that she could have done better work anywhere else. She handled the natives of Mesopotamia as successfully as she had handled Turkish partisans. Her powers of persuasion, her ready sympathy with the Arab point of view triumphed over the disadvantage of her sex. "If their women are like this," exclaimed a Moslem sheik, "what must their men be!" These letters contain one unforgettable description of a scene in the Iraqi desert, when Feisal, the king-elect, appeared among the Bedouin, his own people, as he said, and appealed for their support:

I never saw him look so splendid. He wore his usual white robes with a fine black abba over them, flowing white head-dress and silver bound aqal. Then he began to speak, leaning forward over the small table in front of him. The people at the end of the tent were too far off to hear; he called them all up and they sat on the ground below the dais, rows and rows of them, 400 or 500 men. He spoke in the great tongue of the desert, sonorous, magnificent—no language like it. He spoke as a tribal chief to his feudatories. "For four years," he said, "I have not found myself in a place like this, nor in such company"—you could see how he was loving it.

But there was one tiny hitch:

... Fahad and Ali Sulaiman stood up on either side of him and said, "We swear allegiance to you because you are acceptable to the British Government." Feisal was a little surprised. He looked quickly round to me smiling. . . . I held out my two hands clasped together as a symbol of the union of the Arab and British Governments. It was a tremendous moment. . . .

She was the only woman, and the only European, present—as on many other such occasions.

Yet with all her tremendous energy, compressed within a slim and delicate frame, with all her natural tact and knowledge of the country, you feel that what really carried her through was her genuine enthusiasm for the Arab cause. We are dealing with "the raw material," she says, we are "making history here," striving to build up "a great centre of Arab civilization." That, after all, is "something worth doing," and it would be a "betrayal" indeed to abandon the task. "The real basis of Gertrude's nature," says Lady Bell, "was her capacity for deep emotion." She gave her whole heart to this work and to these people, and that was the secret of her success. "For a hundred years," said one of her Arab friends as he rode with her into Bagdad and the people saluted as she passed—"for a hundred years they'll talk of the Khatun riding by." Half jokingly she admitted that they "very likely will." Nothing could be more certain.

These letters vary, of course, in length and in quality—some of the earlier and shorter ones might possibly have been left out—but they are sufficient to show us what we have missed. In one of them the interesting disclosure is made that Miss Bell and her friend, King Feisal, had talked of writing a book together on Iraq. No one could have been better equipped than she was for such a task. Her letters, often written hurriedly at the end of a busy day, are dramatic, witty, informative by turns, but never lose their easy fluency. And her brilliant little character-sketches of men like Colonel Lawrence, Sir William Willcocks, Sir Ronald Storrs and (at an earlier stage) the ex-Emperor and Empress of Germany, afford a tantalizing glimpse of yet another might-have-been.

VESPASIAN TO TRAJAN

Five Roman Emperors. By Bernard W. Henderson. Cambridge University Press. 21s.

CORDIAL congratulation should be offered to Dr. Henderson upon the appearance of the present volume, which completes his account of Roman history from the birth of Nero to the death of Hadrian and realizes a project first entertained thirty-one years ago. The fourth in order of writing, this book is the third in chronological sequence and covers the period A.D. 69-117, dealing with Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. It is fittingly dedicated to the memory of that "greatest of Camden Professors" Henry Francis Pelham, as it is founded on two series of lectures delivered by Professor Pelham himself at Oxford in 1902 and 1903. We trust we must not take too seriously the author's threat that "this book may be regarded as my last protest against the modern tendency to exclude all personalities (and life therewith) from the writing of Ancient History."

Certainly no one ought to complain of any lifelessness in the book. While a large amount of space is devoted to frontiers and wars, and the author apologizes for the scant use made of "that treasure-house of biographical detail and piquant scandal found in the pages of Suetonius," the narrative is enlivened by plenty of pungent criticism, fearless judgment and pleasing examples of the author's humour. At the same time use is made of the results of the most recent research. This has involved grappling with the stupendous masses of Teutonic periodical and monograph, of which there is no end. Their difficulty

of access should mean that Dr. Henderson's labours have saved English undergraduates, for whom the book is chiefly written, an immensity of trouble—at least that minority of undergraduates who aim at the highest honours. Even critics, however, are asked to remember that "research is always incomplete . . . the last word on the subject is never spoken." This has a special reference to Roman Britain, "the happiest hunting-ground for the true expert." Here, as Dr. Henderson points out, trespassers are apt to be violently prosecuted and over this special field he has hurried as cautiously as possible, not, however, forgetting his sense of humour. "The last word has not been said on the subject, either of Agricola or of 'The Wall.' Neither will it have been so said until Macaulay's New Zealander sits among the ruins of London. And even he, too, may be an archaeologist." It is, perhaps, a pity that in other places Dr. Henderson's caution appears at times to have deserted him. Occasionally he ventures unnecessarily and rashly from his chosen theme to expose himself to the tender mercies of the medievalists, as for example when he writes: "Serfdom, clericalism, monkery, feudalism, dogma, ecclesiasticism, sorcery, persecution—what a long-persisting nightmare is this out of which we have struggled into liberty again." One can think of experts in this field who, if not violent, might be strongly tempted to be distinctly rude. Other instances could be found in which Dr. Henderson's mastery in his own subject fails to afford protection for temerity outside it.

The balance of good and evil in the Flavian absolutism is a fit theme for debate and forms the subject of an interesting discussion. Dr. Henderson does not agree with the French historian who, speaking of the Flavian Emperors, wrote: "They seized power. They herded men like sheep. Vespasian was a parvenu, Titus an adventurer, Domitian a usurper. No one of the three created anything." If the Augustan "dyarchy" had gone and the monarchy had become absolute, a "new liberty," freedom of opinion and freedom of speech, we are reminded, had come. To the autocracy of the Roman Emperor there was, Dr. Henderson holds, no alternative; but he does not minimize the blight which absolutism cast upon so many of the arts, nor the "abhorrible accydyne" which accompanied it.

In the chapter on Christianity the conclusion is reached that the supposed "second persecution" by Domitian became famous "because it counted among its victims two or three persons who were of high birth and imperial connexion in Rome itself, not because Christianity was selected for persecution throughout the Empire." The judgment of the latest English authority is accepted that Domitian's persecution was "not a general persecution at all, but a series of isolated acts directed chiefly against a few influential persons, including members of his own family." As in almost all religious persecution, in fact, the motive was political. Under Trajan spasmodic prosecutions of individuals only strengthened and encouraged the rapidly growing Church.

Easily the most interesting of Dr. Henderson's chapters, however, is on the social aspect of the period. His indebtedness to writers like Nilsson and Rostovtzeff, which is not concealed, does not lessen the interest of his account of such developments as the increasing regard for children's welfare in the age of Nerva and his successors. The State "alimentary system" for the children of the poor was a costly innovation which Nilsson calls "perhaps the greatest measure of social reform known in history." After Diocletian the system finally perished: "In days of rising prices and increasing poverty children lost their maintenance-grants." The alimentary institutions became bankrupt. They were, in fact, no longer needed; the fate of the national Roman element was sealed, and no one attached value to it any longer.

"So the Roman child must go hungry like the rest. Perhaps he was hungrier. It was his clear duty no longer to exist." The same concern for the young is shown by the payment of teachers out of State funds which Vespasian initiated, a practice which was consistently pursued till its climax in the third century when primary education spread all over the Empire and "schoolmasters are found in the villages as well as in the cities." On the agricultural question Dr. Henderson dissents from the view that great estates were the ruin of Italy. "The great estates themselves in the century under review were mainly of a new type. It is at least 'not proven' that they ruined Italy. It is highly doubtful whether Italy was in fact ruined at all."

Not all Dr. Henderson's conclusions will find acceptance. That fact does not prevent our recognizing with appreciation the vigorous, independent, and stimulating quality of his work.

THE BRONTËS

The Brontë Sisters. By Ernest Dimnet.
Translated by Louis Morgan Sill. Cape.
7s. 6d.

GREETED on publication in 1910 as one of the very best works on its subject, praised with special ardour by Andrew Lang, this book has waited long for translation into English. In France it is, we believe, recognized as the first adequate study of the lives and writings of the Brontës; but that is not saying much, for though Eugène Forcade was among the earliest admirers of Charlotte, and Emile Montégut was most intelligently generous in dealing with her, and towards the end of the last century Mme. Darmester wrote a couple of admirable articles, it was not till M. Dimnet's book appeared that the three sisters were considered in a work on anything like the requisite scale. But these last words must not be allowed to suggest that M. Dimnet is another of those biographers and critics who present us with all the materials on which their judgments are based as well as with their judgments. He is admirably terse, excellently contemptuous of the methods by which some biographers establish a reputation for exhaustive knowledge of their subjects, and compresses biography and criticism into not much more than two hundred pages.

He is sympathetic, at times enthusiastic, but he is detached, and in his dealings with the personalities of the sisters can be cool to the point of chilliness. After so much gush from other pens we are glad enough to find a writer on the Brontës who does not sob over every biographical page, and who can see both that their father was not a monster and that Emily, all things taken into account, was as nearly happy as any woman of her nature could be. But we must protest with vehemence against his assertion that, their work apart, the sisters were not particularly interesting. Anne, to whom M. Dimnet is in several places too kind, does not enter seriously into the argument, but Charlotte, outside her writings, was surely a very remarkable personality, and as for Emily, this nation has not produced a woman more original, more passionate, more nobly stoical. M. Dimnet is alive to the singular lyrical quality of her magnificent romance, but he does something less than justice to her heroism and to the more than womanly, more than manly, dignity of her attitude towards the unspeakable brother. On the other hand, rightly valuing the substance of Emily's poetry, he is a good deal too tolerant of the worn and wretched metres and stanzaic forms through which her intense energy found fitful expression.

M. Dimnet, indeed, is of those who are happiest with Charlotte. He is a little disconcerted, as was inevitable, with her attitude, during her Belgian sojourn,

towards Roman Catholicism, and is prepared to go some way with those early critics who found her treatment of actual personages in her fiction ungracious or malicious. But to all her greater qualities he is sensitive, and his defence of what was conventional and improbable in her plots is excellently done. If, indeed, there be a defect in his treatment of Charlotte, it is in his recurrent suggestion that George Eliot was in some sort wiser and also more fortunate than Charlotte in having such a friend and counsellor as Lewes. No external influence could profoundly have altered the art of Charlotte to her advantage, for she was of those who look within, and the hint that a top-hammer of such philosophy and "culture" as eventually made George Eliot almost unreadable could have been useful to Charlotte, who was much less capable of sustaining it, takes our breath away. But in the main M. Dimnet has understood both her gifts and her limitations, her literary ambitions and her shrinking from the consequences of success in them, and his criticism of her several works and of her writings as a whole, offered with great simplicity, is fresh, sound and stimulating.

On the affair of M. Héger, he writes, in an appendix, with great good sense. The letters from Charlotte to Héger, given to the world since M. Dimnet's book appeared in French, have occasioned much specious writing, by the late Mr. Clement Shorter and the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, among other authorities. M. Dimnet, who might well have trounced those apologists, excuses himself with a shrug and a smile from discussion, on the amusing ground that, as a Frenchman, he is sure to be charged with reading passion into documents which contain none of it. But can any reasonable reader, not officially charged with the maintenance of all the proprieties, doubt that Charlotte was in love with Héger? Most schoolgirls, the stock argument goes, fall unconsciously into calf-love for their male teachers. Well, Charlotte was long past the schoolgirl stage; and calf-love never inspired such letters as those she wrote. That Héger was irresponsible, and that if he had responded with proposals for a *liaison* she would have been deeply shocked, we may be certain; not less certain that she felt for him more than a pupil's gratitude, required of him more than mere intellectual sympathy. But M. Dimnet is wise in saying that she probably never comprehended the precise nature and implications of her feeling for him. To her, we may add, as even more intensely to Emily, love was something apprehensible in its essence without thought of its forms of expression. "Else a great prince in prison lies," wrote Donne; but for them the existence of the prince almost sufficed.

THREE POETS

The City. By Ruth Manning Sanders. Benn. 6s.

Difficult Love. By L. A. G. Strong. Blackwell. 5s.

The Dream and Other Poems. By Richard Church. Benn. 1s.

MISS RUTH MANNING SANDERS'S long narrative poem, written in well-wrought couplets, possesses more than one quality that should lift it out of the common ruck of contemporary verse—notably freshness, ease of manner, and a captivating simplicity of both heart and style. Her story concerns the coming of Jesus into the modern world, His contact with various kinds of people, and His building of a holy city; and, though this brief summary inevitably suggests a theme as obvious as it is ambitious, Miss Manning Sanders is so innocent of daring, and so unpretentious in her method, that the reader is conscious of no uneasiness. The poem has something of the naive quality of early religious art; and for this reason its very faults—its improbabilities, the

cloudiness of its fantasy—seem to enhance, if not its charm, certainly its acceptability; for one feels that if it were more perfect it would be less genuine. The poet does not succeed, where a hundred and one others have failed, in presenting Jesus Himself as an entirely convincing human figure; but the truth and humour of her characterization in general, and particularly that of humble people, cannot be too highly praised, as one quotation will serve to show. A poor woman called Moll, crossing the moors on her homeward journey, meets Jesus riding on an ass. He promises her a silk gown, honey and milk for her children, and a home in His new city. She runs home with the glad tidings; and, later, her husband, coming in from work:

Found Moll and all the children making din
With "Jesus this" and "Jesus that," and "Please
Did you touch Jesus, were you on your knees
And did the ass speak too?" the children pester,
While she with patchy cheeks and nerves a-fluster,
And eyes like jewels glowing, tells her joys,
Brews tea, shakes one child, shouts and slaps another,
Then sits her down and calls them handsome boys,
And sobs and hugs them. "Hey, what's come to mother?"
So all the tale's re-told by six or seven,
And mother talking loudest, "for in heaven
I've been," says she, "kneeling at Jesus' feet—
Lord Jesus, oh, my Lord, oh, Jesus sweet—"

Mr. L. A. G. Strong's is an altogether less exuberant Muse. His verse is marked by high intelligence and careful workmanship rather than by lyrical ecstasy. He has a pretty talent for the epigrammatic; and such admirable poems as 'By the Firelight' suggest a line of development by which he may one day definitely emerge from the ranks of (good) minor poets. Mr. Richard Church, one feels, is already in process of so emerging; yet, though there is much to admire in his volume, there is nothing that touches heart or mind with quite the degree of intimacy that we associate—and are justified in associating—with lyrical poetry.

THE TEACHING OF POLITICS

An Introduction to Political Science. By E. F. Bowman. Methuen. 6s.

'THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION' is still a text-book in common use, though Bagehot is now about as up to date as Aristotle. That is small blame to the teachers in schools and universities, for Bagehot has imagination and remains alive, however much his facts may fall behind the times. It is a choice in practice between out-of-date writers worth reading for themselves and up-to-date hacks not worth reading for any reason, but needing to be read merely because there was nothing else recent to choose from. Mr. Bowman has seen what was required, and has made an excellent job of it. He has given students an approach to the political classics in the light of modern knowledge, without a trace of the pedantry which has made a supremely interesting subject one of the most forbidding of all to study. A rare sense of proportion enables him to run through the accepted criticisms of constitutions and the general analysis of politics with frequent and illuminating reference to present-day practice.

Little scope for originality as such a text-book leaves, this cross-fertilization between old theories and recent events, and this survey of history from a clean biological standpoint, make all the difference between a sound hack work that has to be got through and a real contribution to the teaching of a most difficult subject. Upon matters of controversy Mr. Bowman shows an admirable restraint, and the clearness of his treatment is beyond praise. Once or twice we do find blemishes. It is obviously incorrect to say that murder is an offence against every religion. Part I ends with a sentence in which the word "constitution" is used first apparently for something like

temperament and immediately afterwards in its normal political sense; while a sentence on pp. 147-8 goes on for eighteen lines. Without actually getting tied up it is scarcely a model of style. We choose a more typical passage for quotation:

That is to say, in every state there must be some body of men on whose consent the government rests; it may, as in the cases cited by Hume, be the army, or it may be some class with predominant influence in the community (such as priests). From English history we might quote the examples of the army of the Commonwealth period on which the government of Cromwell certainly rested (it was probably fear of the army which was the main reason why he refused to become king in 1657); and, secondly, in the eighteenth century, the class of predominant influence was the landowners; it was Walpole's success as a statesman that he reconciled them to the Hanoverian dynasty. The main problem, in fact, in studying any particular state is to find out what this consenting body or class is; it will be the most important political factor in the country. There is this element of truth in such a statement as that in the Commonwealth period England was "ruled by an army"; because, although the army took no part in the government (except in so far as some of its officers were in Cromwell's Council of State), they were what we may call the government-making and government-supporting body.

Mr. Bowman has raised the standard of teaching in elementary political science.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY STATESMEN

Makers of Nineteenth-Century Europe. By Ralph Flenley. Dent. 6s.

A TEXT-BOOK cast in biographical form would be an accurate if hardly a quite adequate description of Professor Flenley's modest volume. Within its chosen limits it is very competent and effective, though not without a distinct flavour of the lecture-room. Valuing the biographical approach to history, Professor Flenley gives us studies of some twenty leading statesmen of the nineteenth century, whom he groups in three main divisions as "Legitimists and Conservatives," "Radicals and Nationalists," and "Nation Makers." Napoleon III, as not fitting into any of these, receives a section all to himself and, somewhat oddly, Napoleon I is omitted. A study of Napoleon as one of the founders of modern Europe would have improved the book, which is very good of its kind. Its defects are chiefly those incidental to any brief treatment of an extensive subject. Colour is sparingly used and judgments and ideas have to be summarily indicated rather than developed or discussed. The choice of the biographical method may be justified as enhancing the interest of the subject to a beginner, but it presupposes the truth of a disputed view of history.

The author accepts nationality and democracy as the greatest forces in the history of nineteenth-century Europe. As he is writing political history the omission of Industrialism is presumably intentional, but the result is hardly quite satisfactory even though its progress is kept in mind and occasionally indicated. The economic background should, if possible, have been given more emphasis. Extra-European influences might with advantage have been given greater prominence. A small book on a vast theme cannot, however, be expected to give us everything, and Professor Flenley's work has great merits. It is clear, informed and readable, and there are some interesting judgments, as, for example, that Cavour was the greatest statesman of the century. Perhaps the most interesting study is that of Deák, the Hungarian reformer whose work, embodied in the Compromise of 1867, helped to establish the Dual System in Austria-Hungary, which lasted until 1918. It is a pity the limited scope he gives himself does not allow the author to deal with such questions as Deák's proposals for ecclesiastical administration in 1848. But to pick holes in a text-book is easy rather than useful. It suffices to say that the present one maintains a very high standard.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

The History of Anthony Waring. By May Sinclair. Hutchinson. 6s.

The Bride's Prelude. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Young Orland. By Herbert Asquith. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Way Things Are. By E. M. Delafield. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

The Worm. By Desmond Coke. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

NEVER were Miss May Sinclair's technical resources more triumphantly displayed than in 'The History of Anthony Waring.' It is a marvel of condensation, a lifetime compressed into the space of a long short-story, and yet, disciplined though its progress is, it does not move awkwardly or woodenly, nor does it suggest constraint.

Miss Sinclair has a sure eye for what is essential in her theme; and if a digression is essential, she does not hesitate to digress. She goes into detail, for instance, over Anthony's boyish enthusiasm for Napoleon; this illustrates his sympathy for lost causes and explains, in some degree, his kindness to his father, to his Aunt Sarah, to Mabel, his mistress, and to Ellen his wife, who were all in their different ways lost causes. Anthony is a ministering child, the good little boy of many Victorian novels seen through modern eyes. And the brief account of his life is scattered, like those were, with an abundance of death-bed scenes; only, Miss Sinclair's account of them is not beautiful and tranquil, but fiercely medical, every agonizing symptom proclaiming the cruelty of the flesh to the spirit. "Damnably pain. Lots of little sharp-pointed knives, cutting into my heart, all together. I know what it is. Angina." And again: "He suffered horribly. He felt as if his body were stuffed with swollen lungs, as if his lungs stuck to his sides and were torn from them with every breath in agony." Therefore, although Anthony has many of the marks of saintliness, though he makes very little money and is tender alike to the feeble and the stiff-necked, and although (apart from having a mistress and falling in love with a woman not his wife) he never seems to consider himself, we cannot properly invest him with sanctity. He has a beautiful character, but not a radiant, immortal one, possessing that unity unflawed by imperfection which impresses itself like a poem upon the mind.

A poem, a narrative conceived and carried out in a single, unvarying tenour of emotion, is what the book surely should have been. It just fails to be, because at the end, what is Anthony but the *corpus vile* for a dreaded heart-affection to exhibit its well-known symptoms on? 'The History of Anthony Waring' is a poem manqué. It looks beyond particular effects for its justification, but the justification is not there, and we are disposed to ask (as of an incompletely successful poem) "Why was it written?" It is hard to remember, when a book fails to fulfil its own promise, how great that promise was.

'The Bride's Prelude' is a story with a problem and a plot; and both, though elaborate and demanding from the reader the exercise of faith and goodwill, carry enough conviction to make the history of Cressida Gilfoy, in seduction, in marriage, and in blackmail, as exciting as Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick means it to be. There are moments when we feel the stuff of the author's seriousness to be wearing a little thin: "I could throw you in the water and they'd say you drowned," he (Lacey) growled under his breath. "There's no one about and that'd be a way out of

it for your menfolk, you damned—." Poor Cressida, she was certainly a trouble to her menfolk, but she was not, despite the mysterious disappearance of her pearl necklace, the heroine of a melodrama. Two nights before her wedding with Tim Hendra she had given herself (prompted, it appears, by a clap of thunder) to Colin St. Just; and the infamous Lacey, who had left the pearls for safety in Colin's room, knew of this. Therefore to theft he was able to add blackmail. Cressida marries Tim; an Australian heiress marries St. Just, but the neighbourhood is dissatisfied and the donor of the pearls wants to know what has become of them. All these sensational happenings Mrs. Sidgwick skilfully steers into the calm, prosaic waters of everyday life. Mrs. Cotton is almost too meddlesome and malicious, but she is made of very ordinary clay, and Mrs. Sidgwick puts a lot of subtlety into the drawing of the plain, ample lines of Sandy Cattermole, the heiress. Cressida, whose modernity the publishers' "blurb" invites us to consider, is not a wholly successful character. She is a woman who has made a tangle of her life and is trying to straighten it—and her circumstances largely determine her actions. Mrs. Sidgwick's free, bold strokes and masterful handling of her material are a joy. There is never a trace of pretentiousness or affectation in her work.

Young Orland was the adopted son of Charles Mortimer; and the Mortimers had lived for many centuries at Rockover, in Devonshire. As a child, wandering on the hills, he met the delightful Rachel and often played with her; but not for many years did he know that she was his mother. She had a husband in Australia, who was kind to her, and whom she sometimes visited; but Orland was not his son. It is characteristic of Mr. Asquith's attitude towards life, as it is of Mr. Maurice Baring's, that he accepts facts and circumstances which most novelists would feel impelled to explain and to justify. Judged from its facts, Orland's career reads like a fairy-tale, and it takes a little time before I, who am apt to grow excited and journalistic about a romantic history, accustom myself to Mr. Asquith's matter-of-fact, slightly flat, way of telling it. His hero goes to school, introduces an elephant into an Oxford college, is sent down, returns, falls in love, loses his money and becomes a salesman in a china merchant's store, is gently jilted, joins the army, fights, is wounded . . . in fact has more experience than falls to the lot of ninety-nine men out of a hundred. Written in headlines like this, we are prepared to gape at such adventures. Why then does Mr. Asquith so resolutely deny them (by the reticence of his treatment) what seem to be their inherent qualities of novelty and surprise? Why does he, their inventor, take them so much for granted?

Such questions suggest themselves, but they are soon silenced. One might as well ask why the mandarin on an Oriental plate does not proceed more rapidly to the capture of the fugitives on the bridge, and why the whole scene does not give the impression of pursuit and flight, why its crystallized beauty is not troubled by the representation of a dozen ephemeral actions and emotions. The charm and point of 'Young Orland' lie precisely in its author's disregard of the journalistic element (not necessarily a bad one) in modern fiction. "Where your sweetie leaves off, my sweetie begins," says the song, and the assertion might be applied with truth to Mr. Asquith's art. It is not based on exclusion or distortion; on the contrary, it presents a remarkably complete picture of pre-war and war-time England. But its quality is not easy to describe. It has a Russian receptiveness combined with an Oriental elegance. It is scrupulous in style and ironical in manner. It leaves the reader always to form his own conclusions. It has standards and values, but they are always implied, never explicit. It would be hard to exaggerate

the emotion which Mr. Asquith, without forcing his tone or increasing the tempo of the story, puts into the final chapters. They are most moving; and one is left wondering how so detached a character as Orland should have made such a sure appeal to the affections. Limpid, effortless, original, distinguished, 'Young Orland' is a remarkable book and Mr. Asquith is to be congratulated upon it.

Miss Delafield, as usual, excels in complaint. In 'The Way Things Are,' children and servants are her special bugbears:

"Do you know," said Laura, a train of thought presented to her, "that Christine once said to me that she thought servants were rather like God—they live so close to one, and know so much about one. Only, unfortunately, they don't love one."

"Like God?" said Alfred, gloomily. "Ours are a good deal more like the devil, if you ask me."

Whether or not Laura Temple had much capacity for pleasure we doubt, she doubts, and Miss Delafield doubts too. She had a love affair, but she abandoned it for the things that make towards respectability. She was stoical about pleasures missed, but she did not suffer fools or inconveniences gladly. Her story is made up of these. It does not show Miss Delafield quite at her best, but it is like all her work, astringent and refreshing.

The admirable opening of 'The Worm' is a little spoiled by Mr. Desmond Coke's eleventh-hour determination to make an athlete of Hugo Dean. Was there ever a good bowler who always dropped catches? We doubt it. Bilton is brilliantly described; what monsters boys are. The book is more suitable for those who can look back upon their school-days than for those who must look forward to them.

OTHER NOVELS

A Maid and Her Money. By J. S. Fletcher. Long. 7s. 6d.

This is the story of a modern young woman, modern in the best sense, who comes unexpectedly into an immense fortune. She hears of this just in time to prevent her lover from putting into words a proposal of marriage. He, the lover, is a writer of some distinction, with a view of life soured by an unhappy experience in his youth, which he believes safely buried. Mary

Motorists!
**Reduce
Carbon**
WITH THE
**Anti-Carbon
Pair**

**SHELL OIL
AND
SHELL PETROL**

O'Neill, the heroine, brings her lover to a confession of his affection, when an enemy appears who tries to use this past experience for blackmail—an attempt finally defeated. The atmosphere of the story is Roman Catholic, but not controversial; the heroine is delightful and the book is well written.

Fair Exchange. By Grant Richards. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Richards excels in the description of how to become rich in unexpected ways. This story is that of a wealthy man suddenly disgusted with life and preparing to end it. A chance meeting and an impulse of blind generosity bring him into touch with the trade of picture-dealing on the large scale, and we are taken behind the scenes of one of the biggest art-purchases of recent years. A renewed interest in life leads up to a happy ending. Mr. Richards has written with gusto a very amusing novel.

SHORTER NOTICES

Parrot Pie. By William Kean Seymour. Harrap. 6s.

IMITATION is the worst form of parody. And the trouble with Mr. Kean Seymour is that he is essentially an imitator. His most successful attempts are echoes; his least successful, distortions. Occasionally he is quick to seize upon the weaknesses and eccentricities of his victims, but he seldom displays any appreciation of their qualities. Consequently he is at his best when he is on the track of second-rate writers. When, however, he aims at bigger game he but rarely succeeds in bringing it down. His imitation of Mr. A. G. Gardiner does preserve some likeness to the original, but we fail to discern any possible point of contact between 'Old Mahogany' and the poetry of Mr. Humbert Wolfe. Mr. Seymour's weakness may be best illustrated by the following stanza, "after Sir Henry Newbolt":

Yarnder dip the white gulls, yarnder go the prams
Wi' nursemaids wheelin' babies home to tea,
An' the steamers puffin', an' the toy yachts luffin',
I sees it a' so plainly as I sits beneath a tree.

Mr. Seymour's work may not unfairly be described as having the form of parody but denying the power thereof. The metre adopted here is that of 'Drake's Drum,' but can readers imagine for a single moment Sir Henry Newbolt writing anything even remotely resembling that last line? Mr. Seymour is happier when his theme is Mr. Belloc.

The dreadful fault in Enoch Jones
Was his atrocious joy in bones,

might indeed have come from one of the 'Cautionary Tales.' Perhaps the best parody in the book is that of Miss Anita Loos. But then Miss Loos offers a target which few could miss.

Under Three Reigns. By the Hon. Mrs. Gell. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a pleasant and quiet record of life in England during sixty years. The author has met many people who played a prominent part upon the placid stage of Victorian England, and her reminiscences range from the colleges of Oxford to the slums of Shoreditch. Some of her most interesting stories concern the late Lord Milner. Milner was a man of extreme sensitiveness, and for that very reason was apt to make an entirely false impression on the casual stranger. Mrs. Gell relates how in 1900 the Prime Minister at the Cape called upon her, "and on Alfred's name being mentioned he shut up like an oyster. Someone spoke of his great abilities, and the rejoinder was: 'Yes, he may be able, but the man's a man of stone.'" The author has some amusing stories, too, of the famous Bishop Stubbs. "He did not," she writes, "gladly suffer the many Boards and Committees the great Diocese required. At one of them he passed to his chaplain the following:

To the 'L'état c'est moi' of Louis le Roi
A parallel case I afford:
Something like it, you see,
May be said about me—
Am I not a Diocesan 'bored'?"

Among the many men and women of note who figure in Mrs. Gell's engaging record are Benjamin Jowett, Matthew Arnold, Lord Peel, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, Lord Randolph Churchill, and the present Archbishop of York. A marked preference for the manners and customs of the Victorian era is clearly discernible in these pages, and the reader of the present generation, as he closes the book, may well come to the conclusion that there is something to be said for them.

Fewness of My Days: A Life in Two Centuries. By Lord Braye. Sands. 18s.

THIS is a curiously self-revealing book. It is not autobiography: indeed, it can hardly be fitted with any label. Lord Braye appears to have jotted down his memories quite at random, and without the aid of any diary—for he hardly ever gives us a date. It is as though he sat talking in an armchair; and this very fact, of course, gives his book a cohesion which autobiographies often lack. The things he remembers are the things which interested him, and we soon discover that his real concern is not with this life, but with the life to come. The world as he saw it—and he travelled extensively—was a mere background for his spiritual adventures. Deeply religious from boyhood, he was converted to Roman Catholicism while still an undergraduate at Oxford (in Pusey's time), and after that nothing mattered to him but the advancement of the faith. The book is an interesting and impressive psychological study—none the less so because its effects are produced almost unconsciously. In contrast with his clear-cut religious views, Lord Braye's political ideas are in a state of some confusion. He calls himself "a Laborite," for instance; but the reforms he seems most anxious for are the abolition of super-tax and death duties, which he apparently expects his Labour friends to bring about. If so, it is but a dream, even less realizable than that other dream of his—the conversion of England to the Church of Rome.

Japanese Traits and Foreign Influences. By Inazo Nitobé. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

THIS volume has the impress of a refined and philosophical cosmopolitanism. Inscribed "from Cannes on the Riviera," it is the work of a Japanese Christian who has spent some years at Geneva. Professor Inazo Nitobé is here described as a Professor of the Imperial University of Tokyo; possibly he is better known in Europe as the Secretary of the League of Nations' Committee on Intellectual Co-operation. Anyone who has watched the sessions of that Committee must have been impressed with the range of Professor Nitobé's knowledge. It comes through in this volume; he employs the Welsh cywydd measure to explain the Japanese verse form *haiku*, while his chapter on 'Can East and West Meet?' shows his assimilation not only of Spengler and Maurice Muret, but of Plato and of the historical movement of thought in the West. And the gentleness and modesty of scholarship underlies all this knowledge. The book has much of interest even for those who care little for international politics. His chapter on tea drinking, which amounts almost to a religious ceremony in Japan, can be read merely for entertainment. Professor Nitobé would possibly emphasize as more important the chapters in which he discusses the possible concord of East and West. He stands above the instinctive prejudices of race and, despite his attachment to his own country, has a keen admiration for Occidental achievement.



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MOTORING

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

PROOF is constantly being given of the efficiency of the multicylinder engine; the Grand Prix of Milan, run recently at Monza, was won by the new twelve-cylinder one-and-a-half-litre Fiat, at the remarkable speed of over ninety-four and a half miles per hour. Olympia will see a large number of small six-cylinder motors introduced, and one new twelve-cylinder. Several firms are developing what may be termed "a half-way type" between the six and the twelve, in the form of eight-cylinder engines; several new ones of this calibre will be shown in October. There have been six, eight and twelve-cylinder motor-cars of "high power" for some years—perhaps high power is not quite the correct term to use: one should really say high horse-power rating—some of which have developed high power, but some have been no better than their rivals of four cylinders. Now, however, the latest designs have shown a great improvement in a manner which particularly affects the passenger as well as the driver, irrespective of any other qualities they may have developed. This particular quality is the smoothness of the running and freedom from vibration; the new multicylinder motor-car may be said to "glide." In the European Grand Prix, run on the same track, the one-and-a-half-litre Delage twelve-cylinder car won the long race at over ninety miles an hour. By this victory the Delage firm will hold the championship of Europe, having won the majority of the international long-distance races of 1927; whoever may win the British Grand Prix, to be run at Brooklands on Saturday, October 1, will not alter the fact that France leads the world in these International contests. The Delage team have also entered in that event and, as far as one can judge, should prove the winners.

*
* *

The multicylinder motor is developing twin or triple carburettors applied to standard carriages. Thus, the new six-cylinder sixteen-horse-power Rover has adopted two carburettors, following the example first set by the sixteen-horse-power six-cylinder O.M. car two years ago. The result is that a better flow of gas to the cylinders is obtained with increased liveliness of the engine. I tested the new six-cylinder Rover when it had only a single carburettor; since the second one has been added it has increased its speed at least twelve miles an hour, roughly raising the maximum speed from sixty to seventy-two miles an hour, which is excellent considering the full-size saloon body it carries.

*
* *

Fuel, of course, plays a great part in the modern motor-car owner's programme, and already I hear that America is using mixtures to increase the power of ordinary petrol, while from Japan comes the report of the discovery of a method of making benzole from acetylene gas. Benzole, as most people know, allows an increase of compression to be made in the firing chambers of the internal-combustion engine; benzole mixtures are used in modern cars to prevent them from detonating or pre-igniting the mixture under the increased compression given to the gas mixture in the latest designs of engines to enhance their power. Any improvement of this nature permits a small engine to do a larger amount of work. Therefore, any method which can produce cheaper benzole will be welcomed, especially by those whose engines require that type of mixture.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE City awaits with interest full details of the $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ Conversion Loan offer which the Treasury is making to holders of the $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ War Loan and the 5% and 4% National War Bonds Second Series. At the moment of writing the details of the offer are not available. The $3\frac{1}{2}\%$ Conversion Loan is a popular stock, as it carries a strong sinking fund amounting to about 2% per annum, which is applied in purchases of stock for cancellation so long as the market price remains below 90. Some criticism has been levelled at the Treasury for choosing this stock for Conversion purposes. Pending receipt of the full terms, I think that criticism, favourable or unfavourable, is premature. If the issue shows that the Treasury have erred on the fact that the Consolidated 4% Loan, which was created for the last Conversion offer, has appreciated since the news that no more of it was to be issued for the present scheme, and in having achieved this result the Treasury are to be congratulated, because the moral effect of the last Conversion Loan rising in price must be beneficial to the present offer. These Conversion operations have a very far-reaching effect as they play no small part in the Budget requirements of the future. In my opinion, unless there is anything radically wrong in an offer such as this, it is almost the duty of patriotic citizens to accept it. In years to come Conversion schemes will, possibly, be on a less generous scale to the investor; and, therefore, those who accept this offer will find that their present patriotism will lead to future capital appreciation.

SIEMENS

A feature of strength in the Stock Exchange this week has been the renewed demand for the shares of Siemens Bros. and Co., Ltd. I have referred to this Company before, but in view of the recent activity in these shares particulars may not be inopportune. Its capital consists of 550,000 10% cumulative preference shares of £1 each, and 2,000,000 £1 ordinary shares. There is also outstanding £820,100 $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ debenture stock. The Company was registered in December, 1880, to take over the business of Messrs. Siemens Brothers, Telegraph Engineers and Contractors. The business of the Company consists of the manufacture of all kinds of insulated cable for submarine and land telegraphs, telephones, electric light and transmission of power, telephone apparatus, both automatic and manual, and electrical appliances generally. The conversion of London from "manual" to "automatic" working is the outstanding feature for all companies manufacturing automatic telephone equipment. This Company is particularly well placed to take advantage of this, which will ensure profitable work for some years to come. Dividends amounting to 7½% have been paid for the last two years, which is a poor yield in view of the present market price. At the same time, in view of the great activity in all things electrical, I cannot but think the shares of this Company, on future possibilities, are an extremely interesting lock-up investment at the present price.

CRITTALS

Another feature of strength in the Stock Markets last week were the shares of Crittals, the Chairman's speech at the recent meeting, which appeared in the last issue of this REVIEW, having drawn renewed attention to the possibilities of this Company. In certain directions it had been suggested that Crittals' prosperity was attributable to the existing boom in

the building trade, and fears were expressed that when this ended Crittals' activity would be greatly decreased. It is interesting to note that this opinion is not shared by the chairman of the Company, who stated at the meeting above referred to that when the building trade was normal the Company would still be unable to cope with the volume of trade which awaited it.

A FORTHCOMING ISSUE

On page 377 will be found details of a pending issue of 600,000 shares of 5s. each in the Kay Yew, Kinta Valley, Tin Mines. The full prospectus will be available early next week, and will give some interesting details of the property (situated in the Kinta Valley) which is being acquired by the Company. The areas have been very favourably reported on, and the proposition appears a promising one. It will be readily understood that an important factor in the prospects of a tin-mining venture is the price of the metal. The prospectus contains an estimate of profits which shows that, with tin at £200 per ton, the profit should amount to £48,000, which is over 21% on the issued capital. With tin at £275 per ton, £72,000 per annum, or over 33%, on the issued capital is shown. The average price of tin for the whole of 1926 was £291 per ton. The board of the new company is to be under the chairmanship of Sir Ernest W. Birch, K.C.M.G., and its shares appear well worth applying for.

SOUTH CROFTY

While on the subject of tin, I would again draw attention to the well-known Cornish tin mine South Crofty. These shares are standing at under 9s. A dividend of 3d. is paid regularly every quarter, and this year I look for a bonus in the form of an additional 3d. when the Company's financial year is completed. Should this total distribution of 1s. 3d. be realized, a yield of nearly 14% will be shown with the shares at 9s. This obviously is so generous a return that it is safe to assume the shares will not be allowed to remain at this level. In these circumstances now appears to be the time to acquire them.

THE HOME RAILWAY MARKET

Although the Home Railway market is far from buoyant, there are indications that its long lane of depression has been turned. This change of sentiment which has been somewhat slow in coming about, is attributable to the fact that opinion is veering round to a more hopeful outlook as regards the trade of the country, and more settled conditions as regards labour. These two factors are obviously of paramount importance to the Home Railway market, and I incline to the opinion that not merely should these counters not be sold, but the present is probably a good opportunity to pick up stock to lock away for a year or two.

THE UNION CORPORATION

While the South African mining market has remained somewhat neglected, demand has sprung up for the shares of the Union Corporation. Regular readers of these notes will remember previous mention having been made of this Corporation, the shares of which have been recommended in the past at a lower price than that ruling to-day. It appears probable that in the next three months Union Corporation shares will be standing at a higher level. In view of its past record, as shown by the generous dividend disbursements its shareholders have received, and its future possibilities, these shares at the current level appear an extremely attractive investment, a description which they are entitled to in view of the fact that the Companies' management is in the hands of extremely capable and sound directors.

TAURUS

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FREDERICK STACEY HOOKER, 44 Vinyard Hill, Wimbledon, S.W.19 (Chairman, Rubber and Industrial Trust, Ltd., and Mincing Lane and General Trust, Ltd.).

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THE PROSPECTUS WILL SHOW THAT :

- (1) The Company owns a property of 80 acres in the centre of the famous Kinta Valley, midway between Menglembu and Lahat, of which 40 acres have been developed.
- (2) The property has been reported on by Mr. W. Graichen, Mr. Frederick Wickett, M.Inst.M.M., M.Inst.M.E., former General Manager of the Tronoh Mines, Ltd., and Mr. William Cock, General Manager of Selayang Tin Dredging, Ltd.
- (3) Boring and sampling by these three engineers have proved within 30 acres, 1,500,000 cubic yards carrying the extraordinarily high average value of 16.14 lbs. per cubic yard. In no case did bore holes reach bedrock.
- (4) The total of 75% tin concentrates proved is approximately 9,000 tons, representing a gross value of £1,687,000 taking the price of tin at £250 per ton and a net value of £1,500,000.
- (5) The mine is already producing and when additional plant and equipment are completed the estimated output of the mine will be approximately 50 tons of tin concentrates per month, representing a profit of 21% on the issued capital with tin at £200 per ton and a profit of 33% with tin at £275 per ton.
- (6) The life of the property on this basis would be approximately 15 years, but this will probably be increased by further development at depth.
- (7) The Board of the Company is a strong and practical one, the Chairman being Sir Ernest Birch, K.C.M.G., while Major Bernard Lawson, Chairman of Renong Tin Dredging, Ltd., and other Tin companies is also a Director.
- (8) The present issue will provide a sum of £60,000 for working capital and the general purposes of the Company.

Prospectuses will be obtainable on Tuesday from the Company's Bankers, National Provincial Bank, Limited, 15 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2, and Branches; North of Scotland Bank, Limited, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, London and Branches; from the Brokers to the Issue, T. Gordon, Hensler and Co., 20 Copthill Avenue, London, E.C.3, and Stock Exchange, Moffat Wilson and Son, Yorkshire Chambers, 3 College Green, Dublin, and Stock Exchange; Albert E. Bartlett and Co., Shannon Court, Corn Street, Bristol, and Stock Exchange, and from the OFFICES OF THE ISSUING HOUSE, THE SCOTTISH FINANCE COMPANY, LTD., 3 LONDON WALL BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.2.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 287

SOME SACRED SONGS; AND ONE WHO MANY WROTE:
NOT THESE, INDEED, BUT HYMNS OF EQUAL NOTE.

1. Curtail a flower whose heart is forty-one.
2. Such sloth debars men from success, my son!
3. So rich a man a shilling ne'er will miss.
4. "Joy is my name" in tongue of Eupolis.*
5. Brazilian saurian in twain next hack.
6. Pheasants are scarce—of me there is no lack.
7. Shorten a town where Raleigh planted praties.
8. Too often of poor Neddy this the fate is.
9. May cause, I ween, the sturdiest beast to sicken.
10. Applied judiciously, Ned's pace 'twill quicken.

* A Greek poet.

Solution of Acrostic No. 285

J	ose	Ph
O	carin	A
N		Ull
A	rtificia	L
T	ransatlanti	C
H	ornbil	L
A	ff	Ix
IN		Famy
W	oodruf	F
I		Owa
L	eve	R
D	iamon	D

ACROSTIC No. 285.—The winner is Mrs. Sparrow, The Orchards, Compton, Wolverhampton, who has selected as her prize 'A History of the English People, 1830-1841,' by Elie Halévy, published by Fisher Unwin, and reviewed in our columns on September 3 under the title 'The Reform Bill and After.' Twenty-four other competitors chose this book, fourteen named 'Greymarsh,' seven 'Mr. Essington in Love,' etc. etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Mrs. J. Butler, Cyril E. Ford.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ape, A. de V. Blathwayt, Ruth Carrick, W. H. Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Coque, Maud Crowther, Reginald P. Eccles, Jeff, Jop, Madge, J. F. Maxwell, Met, Oakapple, Rand, St. Ives, Stucco, Lady Tichborne, Tortoise, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

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